THE

ANTIQUARY.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY" AND "GUY MANNERING.

I knew Anselmo. He was shrewd and prudent,
Wisdom and cunning had their shares of him;
But he was shrewish as a wayward child,
And pleased again by toys which childhood please;
As—book of fables graced with print of wood,
Or else the jingling of a rusty medal,
Or the rare melody of some old ditty,
That first was sung to please King Pepin's cradle.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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CHAPTER I.

"I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal has not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd; it could not be else. I have drunk medicines."

Second Part of Henry IV.

REGULAR for a fortnight were the enquiries of the Antiquary at the veteran Caxon, whether he had heard what Mr Lovel was about; and as regular were Caxon's answers, "that the town could learn naething about him whatever, except that he had received anither muckle

letter or twa frae the south, and that he was never seen on the plainstanes at a'."

"How does he live, Caxon?"

"Ou, Mrs Hadoway just dresses him a beef-stake, or a mutton-chop, or makes him some Friar's chicken, or just what she likes hersel, and he eats it in the little red parlour off his bed-room. She canna get him to say that he likes ae thing better than anither; and she makes him tea in a morning, and he settles honourably wi' her every week."

"But does he never stir abroad?"

"He has clean gi'en up walking, and he sits a' day in his room reading or writing; a hantle letters he has written, but he wadna put them into our post-house, though Mrs Hadoway offered to carry them hersel, but sent them a' under ae cover to the sheriff, and it's Mrs Mailsetter's belief that the sheriff sent his groom to put them into the post-office at Tannonburgh; it's my puir thought that he jaloused their look-

ing into his letters at Fairport; and weel had he need, for my puir daughter Jenny"——

"Tut, don't plague me with your womankind, Caxon. About this poor young lad—Does he write nothing but letters?"

"Ou, aye—hale sheets o' other things, Mrs Hadoway says. She wishes muckle he could be gotten to take a walk; she thinks he's but looking very puirly, and his appetite's clean gane; but he'll no hear o' ganging ower the door-stane—him that used to walk sae muckle too."

"That's wrong; I have a guess what he's busy about; but he must not work too hard neither. I'll go and see him this very day—he's deep, doubtless, in the Caledoniad."

Having formed this manful resolution, Mr Oldbuck equipped himself for the expedition with his thick walking-shoes and gold-headed cane, muttering the while the words of Falstaff, which we have chosen for the motto of this chapter; for the An-

tiquary was himself rather surprised at the degree of attachment which he could not but acknowledge he entertained for this stranger.

A walk to Fairport had become somewhat of an adventure with Mr Oldbuck, and one which he did not often care to undertake. He hated greetings in the market-place; and there were generally loiterers in the streets to persecute him either about the news of the day, or about some petty pieces of business. So upon this occasion, he had no sooner entered the streets of Fairport, than it was "Good-morrow, Mr Oldbuck—a sight o' you's gude for sair een—what d'ye think of the news in the Sun to-day?—they say the great attempt will be made in a fortnight."

"I wish to the Lord it were made and over, that I might hear no more about it."

"Monkbarns, your honour, I hope the plants gied satisfaction? and if ye wanted ony flower roots fresh frae Holland, or

(this in a lower key) an anker or twa o' Cologne gin, ane o' our brigs cam in yestreen."

"Thank ye, thank ye,—no occasion at present, Mr Crabtree," said the Antiquary, pushing resolutely onward.

"Mr Oldbuck," said the town-clerk, (a more important person, who came in front and ventured to stop the old gentleman,) "the provost understanding you were in town, begs on no account that you'll quit it without seeing him; he wants to speak to ye about bringing the water frae the Fairwell-spring through a part o' your lands."

"What the deuce!—have they nobody's land but mine to cut and carve on?—I won't consent, tell them."

"And the provost," said the clerk, going on, "and the council, wad be agreeable that you should hae the auld stanes at Donagild's chapel, that ye was wussing to hae."

"Eh?—what?—Oho, that's another sto-

ry—Well, I'll call upon the provost, and we'll talk about it."

"But ye maun speak your mind on't forthwith, Monkbarns, if ye want the stanes; for Deacon Harlewalls thinks the carved-through stanes might be put with advantage on the front of the new council-house—that is, the twa cross-legged figures that the callants used to ca' Robin and Bobbin, ane on ilka door-cheek; and the other stane, that they ca'd Ailie Dailie, abune the door. It will be very tastefu', the deacon says, and just in the style of modern Gothic."

"Lord deliver me from this Gothic generation!—A monument of a knight-templar on each side of a Grecian porch, and a Madonna on the top of it!—O *crimini!*—Well, tell the provost I wish to have the stones, and we'll not differ about the water-course.—It's lucky I happened to come this way to-day."

They parted mutually satisfied; but the wily clerk had most reason to exult in the

dexterity he had displayed, since the whole proposal of an exchange between the monuments, (which the council had determined to remove as a nuisance, because they encroached three feet upon the public road,) and the privilege of conveying the water to the burgh through the estate of Monkbarns, was an idea which had originated with himself upon the pressure of the moment.

Through these various entanglements, Monkbarns (to use the phrase by which he was distinguished in the country) made his way at length to Mrs Hadoway's. This good woman was the widow of a late clergyman at Fairport, who had been reduced, by her husband's untimely death, to that state of straitened and embarrassed circumstances in which the widows of the Scotch clergy are too often found. The tenement which she occupied, and the furniture of which she was possessed, gave her the means of letting a part of her house, and

as Lovel had been a quiet, regular, and profitable lodger, and had qualified the necessary intercourse which they had together with a great deal of gentleness and courtesy, Mrs Hadoway, not, perhaps, much used to such kindly treatment, had become greatly attached to her lodger, and was profuse in every sort of personal attention which circumstances permitted her to render him. To cook a dish somewhat better than ordinary for "the poor young gentleman's dinner;" to exert her interest with those who remembered her husband, or loved her for her own sake and his, in order to procure scarce vegetables, or something which her simplicity supposed might tempt her lodger's appetite, was a labour in which she delighted, although she anxiously concealed it from the person who was its object. She did not adopt this secrecy of benevolence to avoid the laugh of those who might suppose that an oval face and dark eyes, with a clear brown

complexion, though belonging to a woman of five-and-forty, and enclosed within a widow's close-drawn pinners, might possibly still aim at making conquests; for, to say truth, such a ridiculous suspicion having never entered into her own head, she could not anticipate its having birth in that of any one else. But she concealed her attentions solely out of delicacy to her guest, whose power of repaying them she doubted as much as she believed in his inclination to do so, and in his feeling extreme pain at leaving any of her civilities unrequited. She now opened the door to Mr Oldbuck, and her surprise at seeing him brought tears into her eyes, which she could hardly restrain.

" I am glad to see you, sir—I am very glad to see you. My poor young gentleman is, I am afraid, very unwell; and O, Mr Oldbuck, he'll see neither doctor, nor minister, nor writer! And think what it would be, if, as my poor Mr Hadoway

used to say, a man was to die without advice of the three learned faculties."

"Much better than with them," grumbled the cynical Antiquary. "I tell you, Mrs Hadoway, the clergy live by our sins, the medical faculty by our diseases, and the law gentry by our misfortunes."

"O fie, Monkbarns, to hear the like o' that frae you!—But ye'll walk up and see the poor young lad?—hegh, sirs, sae young and weel-favoured—and day by day he has eat less and less, and now he hardly touches ony thing, only just pits a bit on the plate to make fashion, and his poor cheek has turned every day thinner and paler, sae that he now really looks as auld as me, that might be his mother—no that I might be just that neither, but something very near it."

"Why does he not take some exercise?" said Oldbuck.

"I think we have persuaded him to do that, for he has bought a horse from Gib-

bie Golightly, the galloping groom. A gude judge o' horse-flesh, Gibbie tauld our lass that he was—for he offered him a beast he thought wad answer him weel aneugh, as he was a bookish man, but Mr Lovel wadna look at it, and bought ane might serve the Master o' Morphie—they keep it at the Græme's Arms, ower the street—and he rode out yesterday morning and this morning before breakfast—But winna ye walk up to his room?"

"Presently, presently,—but has he no visitors?"

"O dear, Mr Oldbuck, not ane; if he wadna receive them when he was weel and sprightly, what chance is there of ony body in Fairport looking in upon him now?"

"Aye, aye, very true—I should have been surprised had it been otherwise—come shew me up stairs, Mrs Hadoway, lest I make a blunder, and go where I should not."

The good landlady shewed her narrow

staircase to Mr Oldbuck, warning him of every turn, and lamenting all the while that he was laid under the necessity of mounting up so high. At length, she gently tapped at the door of her guest's parlour. "Come in," said Lovel; and Mrs Hadoway ushered in the Laird of Monkbarns.

The little parlour was neat and clean, and decently furnished—ornamented too by such reliques of her youthful arts of sempstress-ship as Mrs Hadoway had retained; but it was close, overheated, and, as it appeared to Oldbuck, an unhealthy situation for a young person in delicate health, an observation which ripened his resolution touching a project that had already occurred to him in Lovel's behalf. With a writing table before him, on which lay a quantity of books and papers, Lovel was seated on a couch, in his night-gown and slippers. Oldbuck was shocked at the change which had taken place in his personal appearance. His cheek and brow

had assumed a ghastly white, except where a round bright spot of hectic red formed a strong and painful contrast, totally different from the general cast of hale and hardy complexion which had formerly overspread and somewhat embrowned his countenance. Oldbuck observed, that the dress he wore belonged to a deep mourning suit, and a coat of the same colour hung on a chair near to him. As the Antiquary entered, Lovel arose and came forward to welcome him.

" This is very kind," said he, shaking him by the hand, and thanking him warmly for his visit; " this is very kind, and has anticipated a visit with which I intended to trouble you—you must know I have become a horseman lately."

" I understand as much from Mrs Hadoway—I only hope, my good young friend, you have been fortunate in a quiet horse—I myself inadvertently bought one from the said Gibbie Golightly, which brute ran two miles on end with me after

a pack of hounds, with which I had no moré to do than the last year's snow, and after affording infinite amusement, I suppose, to the whole hunting field, he was so good as deposit me in a dry ditch—I hope yours is a more peaceful beast?"

"I hope at least we shall make our excursions on a better plan of mutual understanding."

"That is to say, you think yourself a good horseman."

"I would not willingly confess myself a very bad one."

"No; all you young fellows think that would be equal to calling yourselves tailors at once—But, have you had experience? for, *crede experto*, a horse in a passion is no joker."

"Why, I should be sorry to boast myself as a great horseman, but when I acted as aid-de-camp to Sir —— —— in the cavalry-action at ——, last year, I saw many better cavaliers than myself dismounted."

"Ah! you have looked in the face of

the grisly God of arms then—you are acquainted with the frowns of Mars armipotent—That experience fills up the measure of your qualifications for the epopea. The Britons, however, you will remember, fought in chariots—*covinarii* is the phrase of Tacitus—you recollect the fine description of their dashing among the Roman infantry—although the historian tells us how ill the rugged face of the ground was calculated for equestrian combat—and truly, upon the whole, what sort of chariots could be driven in Scotland any where but upon turnpike roads, has been to me always matter of amazement. And well now—Has the Muse visited you?—Have you got any thing to shew me?"

"My time," said Lovel, with a glance at his black dress, "has been less pleasantly employed."

"The death of a friend?"

"Yes, Mr Oldbuck; of almost the on-

ly friend I could ever boast of possessing."

"Indeed? well, young man, be comforted—to have lost a friend by death while your mutual regard was warm and unchilled, while the tear can drop unembittered by any painful recollection of coldness or distrust or treachery, is perhaps an escape from a more heavy dispensation. Look round you—how few do you see grow old in the affections of those with whom their early friendships were formed!—our sources of common pleasure gradually dry up as we journey on through the vale of Bacha, and we hew out to ourselves other reservoirs from which the first companions of our pilgrimage are excluded—jealousies, rivalries, envy, intervene to separate others from our side, until none remain but those who are connected with us, rather by habit than predilection, or who, allied more in blood than in disposition, keep the old man company in his

life, that they may not be forgotten at his death—

Hæc data pœna diu viventibus—

Ah! Mr Lovel, if it be your lot to reach the chill, cloudy, and comfortless evening of life, you will remember the sorrows of your youth as the light shadowy clouds that intercepted for a moment the beams of the sun when it was rising.—But I cram these words into your ears against the stomach of your sense."

"I am sensible of your kindness," answered the youth, "but the wound that is of recent infliction must always smart severely, and I should be little comforted under my present affliction—forgive me for saying so—by the conviction that life had nothing in reserve for me but a train of successive sorrows. And permit me to add, you, Mr Oldbuck, have least reason of many men to take so gloomy a view of life—you have a competent and easy fortune—are generally respected—may, in

your own phrase, *vacare musis*, indulge yourself in the researches to which your taste addicts you—you may form your own society without doors, and within you have the affectionate and sedulous attention of the nearest relatives."

"Why, yes; the womankind—for womankind—are, thanks to my training, very civil and tractable—do not disturb me in my morning studies—creep across the floor with the stealthy pace of a cat, when it suits me to take a nap in my easy chair after dinner or tea. All this is very well—but I want something to exchange ideas with—something to talk to."

"Then why do you not invite your nephew, Captain M'Intyre, who is mentioned by every one as a fine spirited young fellow, to become a member of your family?"

"Who? my nephew Hector?—the Hotspur of the North?—Why, Heaven love you, I would as soon invite a firebrand into my stackyard—he's an Almanzor, a

Chamont—has a Highland pedigree as long as his claymore, and a claymore as long as the High-street of Fairport, which he unsheathed upon the surgeon the last time he was at Fairport—I expect him here one of these days, but I will keep him at staff's end, I promise you—He an inmate of my house! to make my very chairs and tables tremble at his brawls—No, no, I'll none of Hector M'Intyre. But hark ye, Lovel, you are a quiet, gentle-tempered lad, had not you better set up your staff at Monkbarns for a month or two, since I conclude you do not immediately intend to leave this country?—I will have a door opened out to the garden—it will cost but a trifle—there is the space for an old one which was condemned long ago—by which said door you may pass and repass into the Green Chamber at pleasure, so you will not interfere with the old man, nor he with you. As for your fare, Mrs Hadoway tells me you are,

as she terms it, very moderate of your mouth, so you will not quarrel with my humble table. Your washing"——

"Hold, my dear Mr Oldbuck," interposed Lovel, unable to repress a smile; "and before your hospitality settles all my accommodations, let me thank you most sincerely for so kind an offer—it is not at present in my power to accept of it; but very likely before I bid adieu to Scotland, I shall find an opportunity to pay you a visit of some length."

Mr Oldbuck's countenance fell. "Why, I thought I had hit on the very arrangement that would suit us both, and who knows what might happen in the long run, and whether we might ever part?—Why, I am master of my acres, man—there is the advantage of being descended from a man of more sense than pride—they cannot oblige me to transmit my goods, chattels and heritages, any way but as I please. No string of substitute heirs of

entail, as empty and unsubstantial as the morsels of paper strung to the train of a boy's kite, to cumber my flight of inclination, and my humours of predilection.—Well—I see you won't be tempted at present—But Caledonia goes on, I hope?"

"O, certainly!" said Lovel, "I cannot think of relinquishing a plan so hopeful."

"It is indeed," said the Antiquary, looking gravely upward; for, though shrewd and acute enough in estimating the variety of plans formed by others, he had a very natural, though rather disproportioned, good opinion of the importance of those which originated with himself—"It is indeed one of those undertakings which, if achieved with spirit equal to that which dictates its conception, may redeem from the charge of frivolity the literature of the present generation."

Here he was interrupted by a knock at the room-door, which introduced a letter for Mr Lovel. The servant waited, Mrs

Hadoway said, for an answer. "You are concerned in this matter, Mr Oldbuck," said Lovel, after glancing over the billet; and handed it to the Antiquary as he spoke.

It was a letter from Sir Arthur Wardour, couched in extremely civil language, regretting that a fit of the gout had prevented his hitherto showing Mr Lovel the attentions to which his conduct during a late perilous occasion had so well entitled him—apologizing for not paying his respects in person, but hoping Mr Lovel would dispense with that ceremony, and be a member of a small party which proposed to visit the ruins of St Ruth's priory on the following day, and afterwards to dine and spend the evening at Knockwinnock castle. Sir Arthur concluded with saying, that he had sent to request the Monkbarns family to join the party of pleasure which he thus proposed. The place of rendezvous was fixed at a turn-

pike-gate, which was about an equal distance from all the points from which the company were to assemble.

"What shall we do?" said Lovel, looking at the Antiquary, but pretty certain of the part he would take.

"Go, man—we'll go, by all means. Let me see—it will cost a post-chaise though, which will hold you and me, and Mary M'Intyre, very well, and the other womankind may go to the manse, and you can come out in the chaise to Monkbarns, as I will take it for the day."

"Why, I rather think I had better ride."

"True, true, I forgot your Bucephalus. You are a foolish lad, by the bye; you should stick to eighteenpence a side, if you will trust any creature's legs in preference to your own."

"Why, as the horse's have the advantage of moving considerably faster, and are, besides, two pair to one, I own I incline"——

"Enough said—enough said—do as you please. Well, then, I'll bring either Grizel or the minister, for I love to have my full pennyworth out of post-horses—and we meet at Tirlingen turnpike on Friday, at twelve o'clock precisely."—And with this agreement the friends separated.

CHAPTER II.

"Of seats" they tell, "where priests, 'mid tapers dim,
Breathed the warm prayer or tuned the midnight hymn;
To scenes like these the fainting soul retired,
Revenge and Anger in these cells expired;
By Pity soothed, Remorse lost half her fears,
And soften'd Pride dropp'd penitential tears."

Crabbe's Borough.

THE morning of Friday was as serene and beautiful as if no pleasure party had been intended; and that is a rare event, whether in novel-writing or real life. Lovel, who felt the genial influence of the weather, and rejoiced at the prospect of once more meeting with Miss Wardour trotted forward to the place of rendezvous with better spirits than he had for some time enjoyed. His prospects seemed in many respects to open and brighten before him, and hope, although breaking like the morning sun through clouds and showers, ap-

peared now about to illuminate the path before him. He was, as might have been expected from this state of spirits, first at the place of meeting, and, as might also have been anticipated, his looks were so intently directed towards the road from Knockwinnock castle, that he was only apprized of the arrival of the Monkbarns division by the gee-hupping of the postillion, as the post-chaise lumbered up behind him. In this vehicle were pent up, first, the stately figure of Mr Oldbuck himself; secondly, the scarce less portly person of the reverend Mr Blattergowl, minister of Trotcosey, the parish in which Monkbarns and Knockwinnock were both situated. The reverend gentleman was equipped in a buzz wig, upon the top of which was an equilateral cocked hat. This was the paragon of the three yet remaining wigs of the parish, which differed, as Monkbarns used to remark, like the three degrees of comparison—Sir Arthur's ramilies being the positive, his own bob-wig

the comparative, and the overwhelming grizzle of the worthy clergyman figuring as the superlative. The superintendant of these antique garnitures, deeming, or affecting to deem, that he could not well be absent on an occasion which assembled all three together, had seated himself on the board behind the carriage, "just to be in the way in case they wanted a touch before the gentlemen sate down to dinner." Between the two stately figures of Monkbarns and the clergyman was stuck, by way of bodkin, the slim form of Mary M'Intyre, her aunt having preferred a visit to the manse, and a social chat with Miss Beckie Blattergowl, to investigating the ruins of the priory of Saint Ruth.

As greetings passed between the members of the Monkbarns party and Mr Lovel, the baronet's carriage, an open barouche, swept onward to the place of appointment, making, with its smoking bays, smart drivers, arms, blazoned pannels, and a brace of out-riders, a strong contrast

with the battered vehicle and broken-winded hacks which had brought thither the Antiquary and his followers. The principal seat of the carriage was occupied by Sir Arthur and his daughter. At the first glance which passed betwixt Miss Wardour and Lovel, her colour rose considerably; but she had apparently made up her mind to receive him as a friend, and only as such, and there was equal composure and courtesy in the mode of her reply to his fluttered salutation. Sir Arthur halted the barouche to shake his preserver kindly by the hand, and intimate the pleasure he had on this opportunity of returning him his personal thanks; then mentioned to him, in a tone of slight introduction, "Mr Dousterswivel, Mr Lovel."

Lovel took the necessary notice of the German adept, who occupied the front seat of the carriage, which is usually conferred upon dependants or inferiors. The ready grin and supple inclination with which his salutation, though slight, was

answered by the foreigner, increased the internal dislike which Lovel had already conceived towards him; and it was plain, from the lower of the Antiquary's shaggy eye-brow, that he too looked with displeasure on this addition to the company. Little more than distant greeting passed among the members of the party, until, having rolled on for about three miles beyond the place at which they met, the carriages at length stopped at the sign of the Four Horse-shoes, a small hedge inn, where Caxon humbly opened the door, and let down the step of the hack-chaise, while the inmates of the barouche were, by their more courtly attendants, assisted to leave their equipage.

Here renewed greetings passed; the young ladies shook hands; and Oldbuck, completely in his element, placed himself as guide and Ciceroné at the head of the party, who were now to advance upon foot towards the object of their curiosity. He took care to detain Lovel close beside him

as the best listener of the party, and occasionally glanced a word of explanation and instruction to Miss Wardour and Mary M'Intyre, who followed next in order. The baronet and the clergyman he rather avoided, as he was aware that both of them conceived they understood such matters as well, or better, than he did; and Dousterswivel, besides that he looked on him as a charlatan, was so nearly connected with his apprehended loss in the stock of the mining company, that he could not abide the sight of him. These two latter satellites, therefore, attended upon the orb of Sir Arthur, to whom, moreover, as the most important person of the society, they were naturally induced to attach themselves.

It frequently happens that the most beautiful points of Scottish scenery lie hidden in some sequestered dell, and that you may travel through the country in every direction without being aware of your vicinity to what is well worth seeing, unless intention or accident carry you to

the very spot. This is particularly the case in the country around Fairport, which is, generally speaking, open, uninclosed, and bare. But here and there the progress of rills, or small rivers, has formed dells, glens, or, as they are provincially termed, *dens*, on whose high and rocky banks trees and shrubs of all kinds find a shelter, and grow with a luxuriant profusion, which is more gratifying, as it forms an unexpected contrast with the general face of the country. This was eminently the case with the approach to the ruins of Saint Ruth, which was for some time merely a sheep-track, along the side of a steep and bare hill. By degrees, however, as this path descended, and winded round the hill side, trees began to appear, at first singly, stunted and blighted, with locks of wool upon their trunks, and their roots hollowed out into recesses, in which the sheep love to repose themselves,—a sight much more gratifying to the eye of an admirer of the picturesque than to the

of a planter or forester. By and by the trees formed groups, fringed on the edges, and filled up in the middle, by thorns and hazel bushes; and at length these groups closed so much together, that, although a broad glade opened here and there under their boughs, or a small patch of bog or heath occurred which had refused nourishment to the seed which they sprinkled round, and consequently remained open and waste, the scene might on the whole be termed decidedly woodland. The sides of the valley began to approach each other more closely; the rush of a brook was heard below, and, between the intervals afforded by openings in the natural wood, its waters were seen hurling clear and rapid under their sylvan canopy.

Oldbuck now took upon himself the full authority of Ciceroné, and anxiously directed the company not to go a foot-breadth off the track which he pointed out to them, if they wished to enjoy in full perfection what they came to see. "You are happy in me for a guide, Miss War-

dour," exclaimed the veteran, waving his hand and head in cadence as he repeated with emphasis,

> "I know each lane, and every alley green,
> Dingle, or bushy dell, of this wild wood,
> And every bosky bower from side to side."

—Ah! deuce take it!—that spray of a bramble has demolished all Caxon's labours, and nearly canted my wig into the stream—so much for recitations, *hor de propos*."

"Never mind, my dear sir," said Miss Wardour, "you have your faithful attendant ready to repair such a disaster when it happens, and when you appear with it as restored to its original splendour, I will carry on the quotation:

> "So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
> And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
> And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
> Flames on the forehead"——

"O enough, enough!" answered Oldbuck, "I ought to have known what it was to give you advantage over me—But

here is what will stop your career of satire, for you are an admirer of nature I know." In fact, when they had followed him through a breach in a low, ancient, and ruinous wall, they came suddenly upon a scene equally unexpected and interesting.

They stood pretty high upon the side of the glen, which had suddenly opened into a sort of amphitheatre to give room for a pure and profound lake of a few acres extent, and a space of level ground around it. The banks then arose every where steeply, and in some places were varied by rocks—in others covered with the copse which run up, feathering their sides lightly and irregularly, and breaking the uniformity of the green pasture-ground. Beneath, the lake discharged itself into the huddling and tumultuous brook, which had been their companion since they had entered the glen. At the point at which it issued from "its parent lake," stood the ruins which they had come to visit. They were not of great extent; but the singular beauty, as well as wild and sequester-

ed character of the spot on which they were situated, gave them an interest and importance superior to that which attaches itself to architectural remains of greater consequence, but placed near to ordinary houses, and possessing less romantic accompaniments. The eastern window of the church remained entire, with all its ornaments and tracery work, and the sides upheld by light flying buttresses, whose airy support, detached from the wall against which they were placed, and ornamented with pinnacles and carved work, gave a variety and lightness to the building. The roof and western end of the church were completely ruinous, but the latter appeared to have made one side of a square, of which the ruins of the conventual buildings formed other two, and the gardens a fourth. The side of these buildings, which overhung the brook, was partly founded on a steep and precipitous rock; for the place had been occasionally turned to military purposes, and had been taken with great slaughter

during Montrose's wars. The ground formerly occupied by the garden was still marked by a few orchard trees. At a greater distance from the buildings were detached oaks and elms and chesnuts, growing singly, which had attained great size. The rest of the space between the ruins and the hill was a close cropt sward, which the daily pasture of the sheep kept in much finer order than if it had been subjected to the scythe and broom. The whole scene had a repose, which was still and affecting without being monotonous. The dark, deep bason, in which the clear blue lake reposed, reflecting the water-lilies which grew on its surface, and the trees which here and there threw their arms from the banks, was finely contrasted with the haste and tumult of the brook which broke away from the outlet, as if escaping from confinement, and hurried down the glen, wheeling around the base of the rock on which the ruins were situated, and brawling in foam and fury with every shelve and stone which ob-

structed its passage. A similar contrast was seen between the level green meadow, in which the ruins were situated, and the large timber trees which were scattered over it, compared with the precipitous banks which arose at a short distance around, partly fringed with light and feathery underwood, partly rising in steeps clothed with purple heath, and partly more abruptly elevated into fronts of grey rock, chequered with lichen, and with those hardy plants which find root even in the most arid crevices of the crags.

"There was the retreat of learning in the days of darkness, Mr Lovel," said Oldbuck, around whom the company had now grouped themselves while they admired the unexpected opening of a prospect so romantic; "there reposed the sages who were aweary of the world, and devoted either to that which was to come, or to the service of the generations who should follow them in this—I will shew you presently the library—see that stretch of

wall with square-shafted windows—there it existed, stored, as an old manuscript in my possession assures me, with five thousand volumes—And here I might well take up the lamentation of the learned Leland, who, regretting the downfal of the conventual libraries, exclaims, like Rachael weeping for her children, that if the papal laws, decrees, decretals, clementines, and other such drugs of the devil, yea, if Heytesburg's sophisms, Porphyry's universals, Aristotle's logic, and Dunse's divinity, with such other lousy legerdemains, (begging your pardon, Miss Wardour,) and fruits of the bottomless pit, had leapt out of our libraries, for the accommodation of grocers, candle-makers, soap-sellers, and other worldly occupiers, we might have been therewith contented. But to put our ancient chronicles, our noble histories, our learned commentaries, and natural muniments, to such offices of contempt and subjection, has greatly degraded our nation, and shewed ourselves dishonoured in the eyes of pos-

terity to the utmost stretch of time—O negligence, most unfriendly to our land!"

"And, O John Knox," said the baronet, "through whose influence, and under whose auspices, the patriotic task was accomplished!"

The Antiquary, somewhat in the situation of a woodcock caught in his own springe, turned short round and coughed, to excuse a slight blush as he mustered his answer—"As to the apostle of Scottish Reformation"——

But Miss Wardour broke in to interrupt a conversation so dangerous. "Pray, who was the author you quoted, Mr Oldbuck?"

"The learned Leland, Miss Wardour, who lost his senses on witnessing the destruction of the conventual libraries in England."

"Now I think his misfortune may have saved the rationality of some modern antiquaries, which would certainly have been drowned if so vast a lake of learning had not been diminished by draining."

"Well, thank Heaven, there is no danger now—they have hardly left us a spoonful to perform the dire feat."

So saying, he led the way down the bank, by a steep but secure path, which soon placed them on the verdant meadow where the ruins stood. "There they lived," continued the Antiquary, "with nought to do but to spend their time in investigating points of remote antiquity, transcribing manuscripts, and composing new works for the information of posterity."

"And," added the baronet, "in exercising the rites of devotion with a pomp and ceremonial worthy of the office of the priesthood."

"And if Sir Robert's excellence will permit," said the German, with a low bow, "the monksh might alsho make de vary curious experiment in deir laboraties, both in chemistry and *magia naturalis*."

"I think," said the clergyman, "they would have enough to do in collecting the

tiends of the parsonage and vicarage of three good parishes."

"And all," added Miss Wardour, nodding to the Antiquary, "without interruption from womankind."

"True, my fair foe," said Oldbuck, "this was a paradise where no Eve was admitted, and we may wonder the rather how the good fathers came to lose it."

With such criticisms on the occupations of those by whom the ruins had been formerly possessed, they wandered for some time from one moss-grown shrine to another, under the guidance of Oldbuck, who explained, with much plausibility, the ground-plan of the edifice, and read and expounded to the company the various mouldering inscriptions which yet were to be traced upon the tombs of the dead, or under the vacant niches of the sainted images. "What is the reason," at length Miss Wardour asked the Antiquary, "why tradition has preserved to us such meagre accounts of the inmates

of these stately edifices, raised with such expence of labour and taste, and whose owners were in their times personages of such awful power and importance? The meanest tower of a freebooting baron, or squire, who lived by his lance and broad-sword, is consecrated by its appropriate legend, and the shepherd will tell you with accuracy the name and feats of its inhabitants; but ask a countryman concerning these beautiful and extensive remains—these towers, and arches, and buttresses, and shafted windows, reared at such cost, three words fill up his answer—'they were made by the monks lang syne.'"

The question was something puzzling—Sir Arthur looked upward as if hoping to be inspired with an answer—Oldbuck shoved back his wig—the clergyman was of opinion that his parishioners were too deeply impressed with the true presbyterian doctrine to preserve any records concerning the papistical cumberers of the land, off-

shoots as they were of the great overshadowing tree of iniquity, whose roots are in the bowels of the seven hills of abomination—Lovel thought the question was best resolved by considering what are the events which leave the deepest impression on the mind of the common people—"These," he contended, "were not such as resemble the gradual progress of a fertilizing river, but the headlong and precipitous fury of some portentous flood. The eras, by which the vulgar compute time, have always reference to some period of fear and tribulation, and they date by a tempest, an earthquake, or burst of civil commotion. When such are the facts most alive in the memory of the common people, we cannot wonder," he concluded, "that the ferocious warrior is remembered, and the peaceful abbots are abandoned to forgetfulness and oblivion."

"If you pleashe, gentlemans and ladies, and ashking pardon of Sir Arthur and Miss Wardour, and this worthy clergymansh,

and my goot friend Mr Oldenbuck, who is my countrymansh, and of goot young Mr Lofel also, I think it is all owing to de hand of glory."

"The hand of what?" exclaimed Oldbuck.

"De hand of glory, my goot Master Oldenbuck, which is a vary great and terrible secrets—which de monksh used to conceal their treasures when they were triven from their cloisters by what you call de Reform."

"Aye, indeed! tell us about that," said Oldbuck, "for these are secrets worth knowing."

"Why, my goot Master Oldenbuck, you will only laugh at me—But de hand of glory is vary well known in de countries where your worthy progenitors did live—and it is hand cut off from a dead man, as has been hanged for murther, and dried very nice in de shmoke of juniper wood, and if you put a little of what you call yew wid your juniper, it will not be

any better—that is, it will not be no worse —then you do take something of de fatsh of de bear, and of de badger, and of de great eber, as you call de grand boar, and of de little sucking child as has not been christened (for dat is very essentials), and you do make a candle, and put it into de hand of glory at de proper hour and minute, and with de proper ceremonish, and he who seeksh for treasuresh shall never find none at all."

"I dare take my corporal oath of that conclusion," said the Antiquary. "And was it thc custom, Mr Dousterswivel, in Westphalia, to make use of this elegant candelabrum?"

"Alwaysh, Mr Oldenbuck, when you did not want nobody to talk of nothing you wash doing about—And de monksh alwaysh did this when they did hide their church plates, and their great chalices, and de rings, wid very preshious shtones and jewels."

"But, notwithstanding, you knights of

the Rosy Cross have means, no doubt, of breaking the spell, and discovering what the poor monks have put themselves to so much trouble to conceal?"

"Ah! goot Mr Oldenbuck," replied the adept, shaking his head mysteriously, "you was vary hard to believe, but if you had seen de great huge pieces of de plate so massive, Sir Arthur—so fine fashion, Miss Wardour—and de silver cross dat we did find (dat was Schrœpfer and my ownself) for de Herr Freygraff, as you call de Baron Von Blunderhaus, I do believe you would have believed then."

"Seeing *is* believing indeed—But what was your art—what was your mystery, Mr Dousterswivel?"

"Aha, Mr Oldenbuck, dat is my little secret, mine goot sir—you sall forgife me that I not tell that—But I will tell you dere are various ways—yes, indeed, dere is de dream dat you dream tree times, dat is a vary goot way."

"I am glad of that," said Oldbuck; "I

have a friend (with a side-glance to Lovel) who is peculiarly favoured by the visits of Queen Mab."

"Den dere is de sympathies, and de antipathies, and de strange properties and virtues natural of divers herb, and of de little divining rod."

"I would gladly rather see some of these wonders than hear of them," said Miss Wardour.

"Ah, but, my much-honoured young lady, this is not de time or de way to do de great wonder of finding all de church's plate and treasure; but to oblige you, and Sir Arthur my patron, and de reverend clergymans, and goot Mr Oldenbuck, and young Mr Lofel, who is a very goot young gentleman also, I will show you dat it is possible, a vary possible, to discover de spring of water, and de little fountain hidden in de ground, without any mattock, or spade, or dig at all."

"Umph!" quoth the Antiquary, "I

have heard of that conundrum. That will be no very productive art in our country —you should carry that property to Spain or Portugal, and turn it to good account."

"Ah, my goot Mr Oldenbuck, dere is de Inquisition, and de Auto-da-fe—they would burn me, who am but a simple philosopher, for one great conjuror."

"They would cast away their coals then," said Oldbuck; "but," continued he, in a whisper to Lovel, "were they to pillory him for one of the most impudent rascals that ever wagged a tongue, they would square the punishment more accurately with his deserts. But let us see— I think he is about to show us some of his legerdemain."

In truth, the German was now got to a little copse-thicket at some distance from the ruins, where he affected busily to search for such a wand as should suit the purpose of his mystery; and after cutting, and examining, and rejecting several, he at length provided himself with a small twig of ha-

zel terminating in a forked end, which he pronounced to possess the virtue proper for the experiment that he was about to exhibit. Holding the forked ends of the wand each between a finger and thumb, and thus keeping the rod upright, he proceeded to pace the ruined aisles and cloisters, followed by the rest of the company in admiring procession. "I believe dere was no waters here," said the adept, when he had made the round of several of the buildings, without perceiving any of those indications which he pretended to expect —"I believe those Scotch monksh did find de water too cold for de climate, and alwaysh drank de goot comfortable Rhine wine—but, aha!—see there."—Accordingly, the assistants observed the rod to turn in his fingers, although he pretended to hold it very tight.—"Dere is water here about sure enough,"—and, turning this way and that way as the agitation of the divining rod seemed to increase or

diminish, he at length advanced into the midst of a vacant and roofless inclosure, which had been the kitchen of the priory, when the rod twisted itself so as to point almost straight downwards. "Here is de place," said the adept, "and if you do not find de water here, I will give you all leave to call me an impudent knave."

"I shall take that licence," whispered the Antiquary to Lovel, "whether the water is discovered or no."

A servant, who had come up with a basket of cold refreshments, was now dispatched to a neighbouring forester's hut for a mattock and pick-axe. The loose stones and rubbish being removed from the spot indicated by the German, they soon came to the sides of a regularly built well; and, when a few feet of rubbish were cleared out by the assistance of the forester and his sons, the water began to rise rapidly, to the delight of the philosopher, the astonishment of the ladies, Mr Blat-

tergowl, and Sir Arthur, the surprise of Lovel, and the confusion of the incredulous Antiquary. He did not fail, however, to enter his protest in Lovel's ear against the miracle. "This is a mere trick," he said; "the rascal had made himself sure of the existence of this old well, by some means or other, before he played off this mystical piece of jugglery. Mark what he talks of next. I am much mistaken if this is not intended as a prelude to some more serious fraud; see how the rascal assumes consequence, and plumes himself upon the credit of his success, and how poor Sir Arthur takes in the tide of nonsense which he is delivering to him as principles of occult science!"

"You do see, my goot patron, you do see, my goot ladies, you do see, worthy Dr Bladderhowl, and even Mr Lofel and Mr Oldenbuck may see, if they do will to see, how art has no enemy at all but ignorance. Look at this little slip of hazel nuts—it is fit for nothing at all but to whip de

little child"—(" I would chuse a cat and nine tails for your occasions," whispered Oldbuck apart,)—" and you put it in the hands of a philosopher—paf! it makes de grand discovery. But this is nothing, Sir Arthur—nothing at all, worthy Dr Botherhowl—nothing at all, ladies—nothing at all, young Mr Lofel and good Mr Oldenbuck, to what art can do. Ah! if there was any man that had de spirit and de courage, I would show him better things than de well of water—I would show him"——

" And a little money would be necessary also, would it not?" said the Antiquary.

" Bah! one trifle, not worth talking about, might be necessaries," answered the adept.

" I thought as much," rejoined the Antiquary drily; " and I, in the meanwhile, without any divining rod, will shew you an excellent venison pasty, and a bottle of London particular Madeira, and I think

that will match all that Mr Dousterswivel's art is like to exhibit."

The feast was spread *fronde super viridi*, as Oldbuck expressed himself, under a huge old tree called the Prior's oak, and the company, sitting down around it, did ample honour to the contents of the basket.

CHAPTER III.

As when a Gryphon through the wilderness,
With winged course, o'er hill and moory dale,
Pursues the Arimaspian, who by stealth
Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd
The guarded gold: So eagerly the Fiend——

Paradise Lost.

When their collation was ended, Sir Arthur resumed the account of the mysteries of the divining rod, as a subject on which he had formerly conversed with Dousterswivel. "My friend Mr Oldbuck would now be prepared, Mr Dousterswivel, to listen with more respect to the stories you have told us of the late discoveries in Germany by the brethren of your association."

"Ah, Sir Arthur, that was not a thing

to speak to those gentlemans, because it is want of credulity—what you call faith—that spoils the great enterprize."

"At least, however, let my daughter read the narrative she has taken down of the story of Martin Waldeck."

"Ah, that was very true story—but Miss Wardour, she is so sly and so witty, that she had made it just like one romance—as well as Goethe or Wieland could have done it, by mine honest wort."

"To say the truth, Mr Dousterswivel," answered Miss Wardour, "the romantic predominated in the legènd so much above the probable, that it was impossible for a lover of fairy-land like me to avoid lending a few touches to make it perfect in its kind—But here it is, and if you do not incline to leave this shade till the heat of the day has somewhat declined, and will have sympathy with my bad composition, perhaps Sir Arthur or Mr Oldbuck will read it to us."

"Not I," said Sir Arthur; "I was never fond of reading aloud."

"Nor I," said Oldbuck, "for I have forgot my spectacles—but here is Lovel, with sharp eyes and a good voice; for Mr Blattergowl, I know, never reads any thing, lest he should be suspected of reading his sermons."

The task was therefore imposed upon Lovel, who received, with some trepidation, as Miss Wardour delivered with a little embarrassment, a paper containing the lines traced by that fair hand, the possession of which he coveted as the highest blessing the earth could offer to him. But there was a necessity of suppressing his emotions, and after glancing over the manuscript, as if to become acquainted with the character, he collected himself, and read the company the following tale.

The Fortunes of Martin Waldeck.

The solitudes of the Harz forest in

Germany, but especially the mountains called Blockberg, or rather Brockenberg, are the chosen scene for tales of witches, dæmons, and apparitions. The occupation of the inhabitants, who are either miners or foresters, is of a kind that renders them peculiarly prone to superstition, and the natural phenomena which they witness in pursuit of their solitary or subterraneous profession, are often set down by them to the interference of goblins or the power of magic. Among the various legends current in that wild country, there is a favourite one which supposes the Harz to be haunted by a sort of tutelar dæmon, in the shape of a wild man, of huge stature, his head wreathed with oak leaves, and his middle cinctured with the same, bearing in his hand a pine torn up by the roots. It is certain that many persons profess to have seen such a form traversing, with huge strides, the opposite ridge of a mountain, when divided from it by a narrow glen; and indeed the fact of the appari-

tion is so generally admitted, that modern scepticism has only found refuge by ascribing it to optical deception.

In elder times, the intercourse of the dæmon with the inhabitants was more familiar, and, according to the traditions of the Harz, he was wont, with the caprice usually ascribed to these earth-born powers, to interfere with the affairs of mortals, sometimes for their weal, sometimes for their woe. But it was observed, that even his gifts often turned out, in the long run, fatal to those on whom they were bestowed, and it was no uncommon thing for the pastors, in their care for their flock, to compose long sermons, the burthen whereof was a warning against having any intercourse, direct or indirect, with the Harz dæmon. The fortunes of Martin Waldeck have been often quoted by the aged to their giddy children, when they were heard to scoff at a danger which appeared visionary.

A travelling capuchin had possessed

himself of the pulpit of the thatched church at a little hamlet called *Morgenbrodt*, lying in the Harz district, from which he declaimed against the wickedness of the inhabitants, their communication with fiends, witches, and fairies, and, in particular, with the woodland goblin of the Harz. The doctrines of Luther had already begun to spread among the peasantry, for the incident is placed under the reign of Charles V., and they laughed to scorn the zeal with which the venerable man insisted upon his topic. At length, as his vehemence increased with opposition, so their opposition rose in proportion to his vehemence. The inhabitants did not like to hear an accustomed quiet dæmon, who had inhabited the Brockenberg for so many ages, summarily confounded with Baal-peor, Ashtaroth, and Beelzebub himself, and condemned without reprieve to the bottomless Tophet. The apprehensions that the spirit might avenge himself on them for listening to such an illiberal sentence,

added to their national interest in his behalf. A travelling friar, they said, that is here to-day and away to-morrow, may say what he pleases, but it is we, the ancient and constant inhabitants of the country, that are left at the mercy of the insulted dæmon, and must, of course, pay for all. Under the irritation occasioned by these reflections, the peasants from injurious language betook themselves to stones, and having pebbled the priest pretty handsomely, they drove him out of the parish to preach against dæmons elsewhere.

Three young men, who had been present and assisting upon this occasion, were upon their return to the hut, where they carried on the laborious and mean occupation of preparing charcoal for the smelting furnaces. On the way, their conversation naturally turned upon the dæmon of the Harz and the doctrine of the capuchin. Max and George Waldeck, the two elder brothers, although they allowed the language of the capuchin to have

been indiscreet and worthy of censure, as presuming to determine upon the precise character and abode of the spirit, yet contended it was dangerous, in the highest degree, to accept of his gifts, or hold any communication with him. He was powerful they allowed, but wayward and capricious, and those who had intercourse with him seldom came to a good end. Did he not give the brave knight, Ecbert of Rabenwald, that famous black steed, by means of which he vanquished all the champions at the great tournament at Bremen? and did not the same steed afterward precipitate itself with its rider into an abyss so deep and fearful, that neither horse nor man was ever seen more? Had he not given to Dame Gertrude Trodden a curious spell for making butter come? and was she not burnt for a witch by the grand criminal judge of the Electorate, because she availed herself of his gift? But these, and many other instances which they quoted, of mischance

and ill-luck ultimately attending upon the apparent benefits conferred by the Harz-spirit, failed to make any impression upon Martin Waldeck, the youngest of the brothers.

Martin was youthful, rash, and impetuous: excelling in all the exercises which distinguish a mountaineer, and brave and undaunted from his familiar intercourse with the dangers that attend them. He laughed at the timidity of his brothers. "Tell me not of such folly," he said; "the dæmon is a good dæmon—he lives among us as if he were a peasant like ourselves—haunts the lonely crags and recesses of the mountains like a huntsman or goatherd—and he who loves the Harz-forest and its wild scenes cannot be indifferent to the fate of the hardy children of the soil. But, if the dæmon were as malicious as you would make him, how should he derive power over mortals who barely avail themselves of his gifts, without binding themselves to submit to his

pleasure? When you carry your charcoal to the furnace, is not the money as good that is paid you by blaspheming Blaize, the old reprobate overseer, as if you got it from the pastor himself? It is not the goblin's gifts which can endanger you then, but it is the use you shall make of them that you must account for. And were the dæmon to appear to me at this moment, and indicate to me a gold or silver mine, I would begin to dig away even before his back were turned, and I would consider myself as under protection of a much Greater than he, while I made a good use of the wealth he pointed out to me."

To this the elder brother replied, that wealth ill won was seldom well spent, while Martin presumptuously declared, that the possession of all the treasures of the Harz would not make the slightest alteration on his habits, morals, or character.

His brother entreated Martin to talk less wildly upon this subject, and with some difficulty contrived to withdraw his atten-

tion, by calling it to the consideration of an approaching boar-chase. This talk brought them to their hut, a wretched wigwam, situated upon one side of a wild, narrow, and romantic dell, in the recesses of the Brokenberg. They released their sister from attending upon the operation of charring the wood, which requires constant attention, and divided among themselves the duty of watching it by night, according to their custom, one always waking while his brothers slept.

Max Waldeck, the eldest, watched during the two first hours of the night, and was considerably alarmed, by observing, upon the opposite bank of the glen, or valley, a huge fire surrounded by some figures that appeared to wheel around it with antic gestures. Max at first bethought him of calling up his brothers; but recollecting the daring character of the youngest, and finding it impossible to wake the elder without also disturbing him—conceiving also what he saw to be an illusion of the dæmon, sent per-

haps in consequence of the venturous expressions used by Martin on the preceding evening, he thought it best to betake himself to the safe-guard of such prayers as he could murmur over, and to watch in great terror and annoyance this strange and alarming apparition. After blazing for some time, the fire faded gradually away into darkness, and the rest of Max's watch was only disturbed by the remembrance of its terrors.

George now occupied the place of Max, who had retired to rest. The phenomenon of a huge blazing fire, upon the opposite bank of the glen, again presented itself to the eye of the watchman. It was surrounded as before by figures, which, distinguished by their opaque forms, being between the spectator and the red glaring light, moved and fluctuated around it as if engaged in some mystical ceremony. George, though equally cautious, was of a bolder character than his elder brother. He resolved to examine more nearly the

object of his wonder; and, accordingly, after crossing the rivulet which divided the glen, he climbed up the opposite bank, and approached within an arrow's flight of the fire, which blazed apparently with the same fury as when he first witnessed it.

The appearance of the assistants who surrounded it, resembled those phantoms which are seen in a troubled dream, and at once confirmed the idea he had entertained from the first, that they did not belong to the human world. Amongst these strange unearthly forms, George Waldeck distinguished that of a giant overgrown with hair, holding an uprooted fir in his hand, with which, from time to time, he seemed to stir the blazing fire, and having no other clothing than a wreath of oak leaves around his forehead and loins. George's heart sunk within him at recognizing the well-known apparition of the Harz-dæmon, as he had been often described to him by the ancient shepherds and huntsmen who had seen

his form traversing the mountains. He turned, and was about to fly; but, upon second thoughts, blaming his own cowardice, he recited mentally the verse of the Psalmist, " All good angels praise the Lord!" which is in that country supposed powerful as an exorcism, and turned himself once more towards the place where he had seen the fire. But it was no longer visible.

The pale moon alone enlightened the side of the valley, and when George, with trembling steps, a moist brow, and hair bristling upright under his collier's cap, came to the spot on which the fire had been so lately visible, marked as it was by a scathed oak tree, there appeared not on the heath the slightest vestiges of what he had seen. The moss and wild flowers were unscorched, and the branches of the oak tree, which had so lately appeared enveloped in wreaths of flame and smoke, were moist with the dews of midnight.

George returned to his hut with trembling steps, and, arguing like his elder brother, resolved to say nothing of what he had seen, lest he should awake in Martin that daring curiosity which he almost deemed to be allied with impiety.

It was now Martin's turn to watch. The household cock had given his first summons, and the night was well nigh spent. Upon examining the state of the furnace in which the wood was deposited in order to its being *coked*, or *charred*, he was surprised to find that the fire had not been sufficiently maintained; for in his excursion and its consequences, George had forgot the principal object of his watch. Martin's first thought was to call up the slumberers, but observing that both his brothers slept unwontedly deep and heavily, he respected their repose, and set himself to supply the furnace with fuel without requiring their aid. What he heaped upon it was apparently damp and unfit for the purpose, for the fire seemed rather to de-

cay than revive. Martin next went to collect some boughs from a stack which had been carefully cut and dried for this purpose; but, when he returned, he found the fire totally extinguished. This was a serious evil, and threatened them with loss of their trade for more than one day. The vexed and mortified watchman set about to strike a light in order to rekindle the fire, but the tinder was moist, and his labour proved in this respect also ineffectual. He was now about to call up his brothers, for circumstances seemed to be pressing, when flashes of light glimmered not only through the window, but through every crevice of the rudely-built hut, and summoned him to behold the same apparition which had before alarmed the successive watches of his brethren. His first idea was, that the Muhllerhaussers, their rivals in trade, and with whom they had had many quarrels, might have encroached upon their bounds for the purpose of pirating their wood,

and he resolved to awake his brothers, and be revenged on them for their audacity. But a short reflection and observation on the gestures and manner of those who seemed to "work in the fire," induced him to dismiss this belief, and, although rather sceptical in such matters, to conclude that what he saw was a supernatural phenomenon. "But be they men or fiends," said the undaunted forester, "that busy themselves yonder with such fantastical rites and gestures, I will go and demand a light to rekindle our furnace." He relinquished, at the same time, the idea of awaking his brethren. There was a belief that such adventures as he was about to undertake were accessible only to one person at a time; he feared also that his brothers, in their scrupulous timidity, might interfere to prevent his pursuing the investigation he had resolved to commence; and therefore, snatching his boar-spear from the wall, the undaunted Martin Waldeck set forth on the adventure alone.

With the same success as his brother George, but with courage far superior, Martin crossed the brook, ascended the hill, and approached so near the ghostly assembly, that he could recognise, in the presiding figure, the attributes of the Harz dæmon. A cold shuddering assailed him for the first time in his life, but the recollection that he had at a distance dared and even courted the intercourse which was now about to take place, confirmed his staggering courage, and pride supplying what he wanted in resolution, he advanced with tolerable firmness towards the fire, the figures which surrounded it appearing still more wild, fantastical, and supernatural, the more near he approached to the assembly. He was received with a loud shout of discordant and unnatural laughter, which, to his stunned ears, seemed more alarming than a combination of the most dismal and melancholy sounds which could be imagined. "Who art thou?" said the giant, compressing his sa-

vage and exaggerated features into a sort of forced gravity, while they were occasionally agitated by the convulsion of the laughter which he seemed to suppress.

"Martin Waldeck, the forester," answered the hardy youth;—"And who are you?"

"The king of the waste and of the mine," answered the spectre;—"And why hast thou dared to encroach on my mysteries?"

"I came in search of light to rekindle my fire," answered Martin hardily, and then resolutely asked in his turn. "What mysteries are those that you celebrate here?"

"We celebrate," answered the complaisant dæmon, "the wedding of Hermes with the Black Dragon—But take thy fire that thou camest to seek, and begone—No mortal may long look upon us and live."

The peasant struck his spear point into a large piece of blazing wood, which he heaved up with some difficulty, and then

turned round to regain his hut, the shouts of laughter being renewed behind him with treble violence, and ringing far down the narrow valley. When Martin returned to the hut, his first care, however much astonished with what he had seen, was to dispose the kindled coal among the fuel so as might best light the fire of his furnace, but after many efforts, and all exertions of bellows and fire-prong, the coal he had brought from the dæmon's fire became totally extinct, without kindling any of the others. He turned about and observed the fire still blazing on the hill, although those who had been busied around it had disappeared. As he conceived the spectre had been jesting with him, he gave way to the natural hardihood of his temper, and determining to see the adventure to an end, resumed the road to the fire, from which, unopposed by the dæmon, he brought off in the same manner a blazing piece of charcoal, but still without

being able to succeed in lighting his fire. Impunity having increased his rashness, he resolved upon a third experiment, and was as successful as before in reaching the fire; but, when he had again appropriated a piece of burning coal, and had turned to depart, he heard the harsh and supernatural voice which had before accosted him, pronounce these words, "Dare not to return hither a fourth time!"

The attempt to kindle the fire with this last coal having proved as ineffectual as on the former occasions, Martin relinquished the hopeless attempt, and flung himself on his bed of leaves, resolving to delay till the next morning the communication of his supernatural adventure to his brothers. He was awakened from a heavy sleep into which he had sunk, from fatigue of body and agitation of mind, by loud exclamations of surprise and joy. His brothers, astonished at finding the fire extinguished when they awoke, had pro-

ceeded to arrange the fuel in order to renew it, when they found in the ashes three huge metallic masses, which their skill, (for most of the peasants in the Harz are practical mineralogists,) immediately ascertained to be pure gold.

It was some damp upon their joyful congratulations when they learned from Martin the mode in which he had obtained this treasure, to which their own experience of the nocturnal vision induced them to give full credit. But they were unable to resist the temptation of sharing in their brother's wealth. Taking now upon him as head of the house, Martin Waldeck bought lands and forests, built a castle, obtained a patent of nobility, and, greatly to the scorn of the ancient nobility of the neighbourhood, was invested with all the privileges of a man of family. His courage in public war, as well as in private feuds, together with the number of retainers whom he kept in pay, sustained him for some time against the odium

which was excited by his sudden elevation, and the arrogance of his pretensions. And now it was seen in the instance of Martin Waldeck, as it has been in that of many others, how little mortals can foresee the effect of sudden prosperity on their own disposition. The evil dispositions in his nature, which poverty had checked and repressed, ripened and bore their unhallowed fruit under the influence of temptation and the means of indulgence. As Deep calls unto Deep, one bad passion awakened another;—the fiend of avarice invoked that of pride, and pride was to be supported by cruelty and oppression. Waldeck's character, always bold and daring, but rendered more harsh and assuming by prosperity, soon made him odious, not to the nobles only, but likewise to the lower ranks, who saw, with double dislike, the oppressive rights of the feudal nobility of the empire so remorselessly exercised by one who had risen from the very dregs of the people. His adventure, although care-

fully concealed, began likewise to be whispered abroad, and the clergy already stigmatized as a wizard and accomplice of fiends, the wretch, who, having acquired so huge a treasure in so strange a manner, had not sought to sanctify it by dedicating a considerable portion to the use of the church. Surrounded by enemies, public and private, tormented by a thousand feuds, and threatened by the church with excommunication, Martin Waldeck, or, as we must now call him, the Baron Von Waldeck, often regretted bitterly the labours and sports of his unenvied poverty. But his courage failed him not under all these difficulties, and seemed rather to augment in proportion to the danger which darkened around him, until an accident precipitated his fall.

A proclamation by the reigning Duke of Brunswick had invited to a solemn tournament all German nobles of free and honourable descent, and Martin Waldeck, splendidly armed, accompanied by his two

brothers, and a gallantly equipped retinue, had the arrogance to appear among the chivalry of the province and demand permission to enter the lists. This was considered as filling up the measure of his presumption. A thousand voices exclaimed, "We will have no cinder-sifter mingle in our games of chivalry." Irritated to frenzy, Martin drew his sword and hewed down the herald who, in compliance with the general outcry, opposed his entrance into the lists. An hundred swords were unsheathed to avenge what was in those days regarded as a crime only inferior to sacrilege, or regicide. Waldeck, after defending himself like a lion, was seized, tried on the spot by the judges of the lists, and condemned, as the appropriate punishment for breaking the peace of his sovereign, and violating the sacred person of a herald-at-arms, to have his right hand struck from his body, to be ignominiously deprived of the honour of nobility of which he was unworthy, and to be expelled from

the city. When he had been stripped of his arms, and sustained the mutilation imposed by this severe sentence, the unhappy victim of ambition was abandoned to the rabble, who followed him with threats and outcries, levelled alternately against the necromancer and oppressor, which at length ended in violence. His brothers, (for his retinue was fled and dispersed,) at length succeeded in rescuing him from the hands of the populace, when, satiated with cruelty, they had left him half dead through loss of blood, and through the outrages he had sustained. They were not permitted, such was the ingenious cruelty of their enemies, to make use of any other means of removing him, excepting such a collier's cart as they had themselves formerly used, in which they deposited their brother on a truss of straw, scarcely expecting to reach any place of shelter ere death should release him from his misery.

When the Waldecks, journeying in this miserable manner, had approached the

verge of their native country, in a hollow way, between two mountains, they perceived a figure advancing towards them, which at first sight seemed to be an aged man. But as he approached, his limbs and stature increased, the cloak fell from his shoulders, his pilgrim's staff was changed into an uprooted pine tree, and the gigantic figure of the Harz dæmon passed before them in his terrors. When he came opposite to the cart which contained the miserable Waldeck, his huge features dilated into a grin of unutterable contempt and malignity, as he asked the sufferer, "How like you the fire MY coals have kindled?" The power of motion, which terror suspended in his two brothers, seemed to be restored to Martin by the energy of his courage. He raised himself on the cart, bent his brows, and, clenching his fist, shook it at the spectre with a ghastly look of hate and defiance. The goblin vanished with his usual tremendous and explosive laugh, and left Waldeck ex-

hausted with the effort of expiring nature.

The terrified brethren turned their vehicle toward the towers of a convent, which arose in a wood of pine trees beside the road. They were charitably received by a bare-footed and long-bearded capuchin, and Martin survived only to complete the first confession he had made since the day of his sudden prosperity, and to receive absolution from the very priest, whom, precisely on that day three years, he had assisted to pelt out of the hamlet of Morgenbrodt. The three years of precarious prosperity were supposed to have a mysterious correspondence with the number of his visits to the spectral fire upon the hill.

The body of Martin Waldeck was interred in the convent where he expired, in which his brothers, having assumed the habit of the order, lived and died in the performance of acts of charity and devotion. His lands, to which no one asserted

any claim, lay waste until they were reassumed by the emperor as a lapsed fief, and the ruins of the castle, which Waldeck had called by his own name, are still shunned by the miner and forester as haunted by evil spirits. Thus were the evils attendant upon wealth, hastily attained and ill-employed, exemplified in the fortunes of Martin Waldeck.

CHAPTER IV.

Here has been such a stormy encounter
Betwixt my cousin Captain, and this soldier,
About I know not what!—nothing, indeed;
Competitions, degrees, and comparatives
Of soldiership!——

A Fair Quarrel.

The attentive audience gave the fair transcriber of the foregoing legend the thanks which politeness required. Oldbuck alone curled up his nose, and observed, that Miss Wardour's skill was something like that of the alchemists, for she had contrived to extract a sound and valuable moral out of a very trumpery and ridiculous legend. "It is the fashion, as I am given to understand, to admire those extravagant fictions—for me,

——————— I bear an English heart,
Unused at ghosts and rattling bones to start."

"Under your favour, my goot Mr Oldenbuck," said the German, "Miss Wardour has turned de story, as she does every thing as she touches, very pretty indeed; but all de history of de Harz goblin, and how he walks among de desolate mountains wid a great fir tree for his walking-cane, and wid de great green bush around his head and his waist—that is as true as I am an honest man."

"There is no disputing any proposition so well guaranteed," answered the Antiquary drily. But at this moment the approach of a stranger cut short the conversation.

The stranger was a handsome young man, about five-and-twenty, in a military undress, and bearing, in his look and manner, a good deal of the martial profession. He was at once greeted by the greater part of the company. "My dear Hector!" said Miss M'Intyre, as she rose to take his hand——

"Hector, son of Priam, whence comest thou?" said the Antiquary.

"From Fife, my liege," answered the young soldier, and continued, when he had politely saluted the rest of the company, and particularly Sir Arthur and his daughter—"I learned from one of the servants, as I rode towards Monkbarns to pay my respects to you, that I should find the present company in this place, and I willingly embraced the opportunity to pay my respects to so many of my friends at once."

"And to a new one also, my trusty Trojan," said Oldbuck. "Mr Lovel, this is my nephew, Captain M'Intyre—Hector, I recommend Mr Lovel to your acquaintance."

The young soldier fixed his keen eye upon Lovel, and paid his compliment with more reserve than cordiality; and as our acquaintance thought his coldness almost supercilious, he was equally frigid and haughty in making the necessary return

to it; and thus a prejudice seemed to arise between them at the very commencement of their acquaintance.

The observations which Lovel made during the remainder of this pleasure party did not tend to reconcile him with this addition to their society. Captain M'Intyre, with the gallantry to be expected from his age and profession, attached himself to the service of Miss Wardour, and offered her, upon every possible opportunity, those marks of attention which Lovel would have given the world to have rendered, and was only deterred from offering by the fear of her displeasure. With forlorn dejection at one moment, and with irritated susceptibility at another, he saw this handsome young soldier assume and exercise all the privileges of a cavaliere servienté. He handed Miss Wardour's gloves, he assisted her in putting on her shawl, he attached himself to her in the walks, had a hand ready to remove every impediment in her path, and an arm to

support her where it was rugged or difficult; his conversation was always addressed to her, and, where circumstances permitted, it was exclusively so. All this, Lovel well knew, might be only that sort of egotistical gallantry which induces some young men of the present day to give themselves the air of engrossing the attention of the prettiest woman in company, as if the others were unworthy of their notice. But he thought he observed in the conduct of Captain M'Intyre something of marked and peculiar tenderness, which was calculated to alarm the jealousy of a lover. Miss Wardour also received his attentions, and although his candour allowed they were of a kind which could not be repelled without some strain of affectation, yet it galled him to the heart to witness that she did so.

The heart-burning which these reflections occasioned proved very indifferent seasoning to the dry antiquarian discussions with which Oldbuck, who continued

to demand his particular attention, was unremittingly persecuting him; and he underwent, with fits of impatience that amounted almost to loathing, a course of lectures upon monastic architecture, in all its styles, from the massive Saxon to the florid Gothic, and from that to the mixed and composite architecture of James the First's time, when, according to Oldbuck, all orders were confounded, and columns of various descriptions arose side by side, or were piled above each other, as if symmetry had been forgotten, and the elemental principles of art resolved into their primitive confusion. "What can be more cutting to the heart than the sight of evils," said Oldbuck, in rapturous enthusiasm, "which we are compelled to behold, while we do not possess the power of remedying them?" Lovel answered by an involuntary groan. "I see, my dear young friend, and most congenial spirit, that you feel these enormities as much as I do. Have you ever approached them without long-

ing to tear, to deface, what is so dishonourable?"

"Dishonourable!" echoed Lovel, "In what respect dishonourable?"

"I mean disgraceful to the arts."

"Where? how?"

"Upon the portico, for example, of the schools of Oxford, where, at immense expence, the barbarous, fantastic, and ignorant architect has chosen to represent the whole five orders of architecture on the front of one building."

By such attacks as these, Oldbuck, unconscious of the torture he was giving, compelled Lovel to give him a share of his attention,—as a skilful angler, by means of his line, maintains an influence over the most frantic movements of his agonized prey.

They were now upon their return to the spot where they had left the carriages; and it is inconceivable how often, in the course of that short walk, Lovel, exhausted by the unceasing prosing of his worthy companion, mentally bestowed on the devil,

or any one else that would have rid him of hearing more of them, all the orders and disorders of architecture which had been invented or combined from the building of Solomon's temple downwards. A slight incident occurred, however, which sprinkled a little patience on the heat of his distemperature.

Miss Wardour, and her self-elected knight-companion, rather preceded the others in the narrow path, when the young lady apparently became desirous to unite herself with the rest of the party, and, to break off her tête-a-tête with the young officer, fairly made a pause until Mr Oldbuck came up. "I wished to ask you a question, Mr Oldbuck, concerning the date of these interesting ruins."

It would be doing injustice to Miss Wardour's *savoir faire*, to suppose she was not aware that such a question would lead to an answer of no limited length. The Antiquary, starting like a war-horse at the trumpet sound, plunged himself at once into the various arguments for and against

the date of 1273, which had been assigned to the priory of St Ruth by a late publication on Scottish architectural antiquities. He hawked up the names of all the priors who had ruled the institution, of the nobles who had bestowed lands upon it, and of the monarchs who had slept their last sleep among its roofless courts. As a train which takes fire is sure to light another, if there be such in the vicinity, the Baronet, catching at the name of one of his ancestors which occurred in Oldbuck's disquisition, entered upon an account of his wars, his conquests, and his trophies; and worthy Dr Blattergowl was induced, from the mention of a grant of lands, *cum decimis inclusis tam vicariis quam garbalibus, et nunquam antea separatis*, to enter into a long explanation concerning the interpretation given by the tiend court in the consideration of such a clause, which had occurred in a process for localling his last augmentation of stipend. The orators, like three racers, each pressed for-

ward to the goal, without much regarding how each crossed and jostled his competitors. Mr Oldbuck harangued, the baronet declaimed, Mr Blattergowl prosed and laid down the law, while the Latin forms of feudal grants were mingled with the jargon of blazonry, and the yet more barbarous phraseology of the tiend court of Scotland. "He was," exclaimed Oldbuck, speaking of the Prior Adhemar, "indeed an exemplary prelate; and, from his strictness of morals, rigid execution of penance, joined to the charitable disposition of his mind, and the infirmities endured by his great age and ascetic habits"——

Here he chanced to cough, and Sir Arthur burst in, or rather continued—"was called popularly Hell-in-harness; he carried a shield, gules with a sable fess, which we have since disused, and was slain at the battle of Vernoil, in France, after killing six of the English with his own"——

"Decreet of certification," proceeded the clergyman, in that prolonged, steady,

prosing tone, which, however overpowered at first by the vehemence of competition, promised, in the long run, to obtain the ascendency in this strife of narrators; "Decreet of certification having gone out, and parties being held as confessed, the proof seemed to be held as concluded, when their lawyer moved to have it opened up, on the allegation that they had witnesses to bring forward, that they had been in the habit of carrying the ewes to lamb on the tiend-free land, which was a mere evasion, for"——

But here the baronet and Mr Oldbuck having recovered their wind, and continuing their respective harangues, the three *strands* of the conversation, to speak the language of a rope-work, were again twined together into one indistinguishable string of confusion.

Yet howsoever uninteresting this pyebald jargon might seem, it was obviously Miss Wardour's purpose to give it her attention, in preference to yielding Captain

M'Intyre an opportunity of renewing their private conversation. So that after waiting for a little time with displeasure ill concealed by his haughty features, he left her to enjoy her bad taste, and taking his sister by the arm, detained her a little behind the rest of the party.

"So I find, Mary, that your neighbourhood has neither become more lively nor less learned during my absence."

"We lacked your patience and wisdom to instruct us, Hector."

"Thank you, my dear sister. But you have got a wiser, if not so lively an addition to your society, than your unworthy brother—pray, who is this Mr Lovel, whom our old uncle has at once placed so high in his good graces?—he does not use to be so accessible to strangers."

"Mr Lovel, Hector, is a very gentleman-like young man."

"Aye; that is to say, he bows when he comes into a room, and wears a coat that is whole at the elbows."

"No, brother; it says a great deal more. It says that his manners and discourse express the feelings and education of the higher class."

"But I desire to know what is his birth and his rank in society? and what is his title to be in the circle in which I find him domesticated?"

"If you mean how he comes to visit at Monkbarns, you must ask my uncle, who will probably reply, that he invites to his own house such company as he pleases; and if you mean to ask Sir Arthur, you must know that Mr Lovel rendered Miss Wardour and him a service of the most important kind."

"What! that romantic story is true then?—and pray, does the valorous knight aspire, as is befitting on such occasions, to the hand of the young lady whom he redeemed from peril?—It is quite in the rule of romance, I am aware; and I did think that she was uncommonly dry to

me as we walked together, and seemed from time to time as if she watched whether she was not giving offence to her gallant cavalier."

"Dear Hector, if you really continue to nourish any affection for Miss Wardour"——

"If, Mary?—what an *if* was there!"

"—— I own I consider your perseverance as hopeless."

"And why hopeless, my sage sister?" asked Captain M'Intyre; "Miss Wardour, in the state of her father's affairs, cannot pretend to much fortune, and, as to family, I trust that of M'Intyre is not inferior."

"But, Hector," continued his sister, "Sir Arthur always considers us as members of the Monkbarns family."

"Sir Arthur may consider what he pleases; but any one with common sense will consider that the wife takes rank from the husband, and that my father's pedigree

of fifteen unblemished descents must have ennobled my mother, if her veins had been filled with printers' ink."

"For God's sake, Hector, take care of yourself—a single expression of that kind, repeated to my uncle by an indiscreet or interested eves-dropper, would lose you his favour for ever, and destroy all chance of your succeeding to his estate."

"Be it so; I have a profession which the world has never been able to do without, and will far less endure to want for half a century to come; and my good old uncle may tack his good estate and his plebeian name to your apron-string if he pleases, Mary, and you may wed this new favourite of his if you please, and you may both of you live quiet, peaceable, well-regulated lives if it pleases Heaven. My part is taken—I'll fawn on no man for an inheritance which should be mine by birth."

Miss M'Intyre laid her hand on her brother's arm, and entreated him to sup-

press his vehemence. "Who," she said, "injures or seeks to injure you but your own hasty temper?—what dangers are you defying, but those you have yourself conjured up?—Our uncle has hitherto been all that is kind and paternal in his conduct to us, and why should you suppose he will in future be otherwise than what he has ever been since we were left as orphans to his care?"

"He is an excellent old gentleman I must own," replied M'Intyre, "and I am enraged at myself when I chance to offend him; but then his eternal harangues upon topics not worth the spark of a flint—his investigations about ancient pots and pans and tobacco-stoppers past service—all these things put me out of patience—I have something of Hotspur in me, sister, I must confess."

"Too much, too much, my dear brother. Into how many risks, and, forgive me for saying, some of them little creditable, has this absolute and violent temper led

you! Do not let such clouds darken the time you are now to pass in our neighbourhood, but let our old benefactor see his kinsman as he is,—generous, kind, and lively, without being rude, headstrong, and impetuous."

"Well," answered Captain M'Intyre, "I am schooled—good manners be my speed! I'll do the civil thing by your new friend—I'll have some talk with this Mr Lovel."

With this determination, in which he was for the time perfectly sincere, he joined the party who were walking before them. The treble disquisition was, by this time, ended; and Sir Arthur was speaking upon the subject of foreign news, and the political and military situation of the country, themes upon which every man thinks himself qualified to give an opinion. An action of the preceding year having come upon the *tapis*, Lovel, accidentally mingling in the conversation, made some assertion concerning it, of the

accuracy of which Captain M'Intyre seemed not to be convinced, although his doubts were politely expressed.

"You must confess yourself in the wrong here, Hector," said his uncle, "although I know no man less willing to give up an argument; but you were in England at the time, and Mr Lovel was probably concerned in the affair."

"I am speaking to a military man, then," said M'Intyre; "may I enquire to what regiment Mr Lovel belongs?"—Mr Lovel gave him the number of the regiment.—"It happens strangely that we should never have met before, Mr Lovel. I know your regiment very well, and have served along with them at different times."

A blush crossed Lovel's countenance. "I have not lately been with my regiment," he replied, "I served the last campaign upon the staff of General Sir —— ——."

"Indeed! that is more wonderful than the other circumstance; for, although I

did not serve with General Sir —— ——, yet I had an opportunity of knowing the names of the officers who held situations in his family, and I cannot recollect that of Lovel."

At this observation, Lovel again blushed so deeply, as to attract the attention of the whole company, while a scornful laugh seemed to indicate Captain M'Intyre's triumph. "There is something strange in this," said Oldbuck to himself, "but I will not readily give up my phœnix of post-chaise companions—all his actions, language, and bearing, are those of a gentleman."

Lovel, in the meanwhile, had taken out his pocket-book, and selecting a letter, from which he took off the envelope, he handed it to M'Intyre. "You know the general's hand in all probability—I own I ought not to shew these exaggerated expressions of his regard and esteem for me." The letter contained a very hand-

some compliment from the officer in question for some military service lately performed. Captain M'Intyre, as he glanced his eye over it, could not deny that it was written in the general's hand, but drily observed as he returned it, that the address was wanting. "The address, Captain M'Intyre," answered Lovel in the same tone, "shall be at your service whenever you chuse to enquire after it."

"I certainly shall not fail to do so," rejoined the soldier.

"Come, come," exclaimed Oldbuck, "what is the meaning of all this?—Have we got Hiren here?—We'll have no swaggering, youngsters. Are you come from the wars abroad, to stir up domestic strife in our peaceful land? Are you like bull-dog puppies forsooth, that, when the bull, poor fellow, is removed from the ring, fall to brawl among themselves, worry each other, and bite honest folks' shins that are standing by?"

Sir Arthur trusted, he said, that the young gentlemen would not so far forget themselves as to grow warm upon such a trifling subject as the back of a letter.

Both the disputants disclaimed any such intention, and with high colour and flashing eyes, protested they were never so cool in their lives. But an obvious damp was cast over the party; they talked in future too much by the rule to be sociable, and Lovel, conceiving himself the object of cold and suspicious looks from the rest of the company, and sensible that his indirect replies had given them permission to entertain strange opinions respecting him, made a gallant determination to sacrifice the pleasure he had proposed in spending the day at Knockwinnock.

He affected, therefore, to complain of a violent headache, occasioned by the heat of the day, to which he had not been exposed since his illness, and made a formal apology to Sir Arthur, who, listening more to recent suspicion than to the gratitude

due for former services, did not press him to keep his engagement more than good breeding exactly demanded.

When Lovel took leave of the ladies, Miss Wardour's manner seemed more anxious than he had hitherto remarked it. She indicated by a glance of her eye towards Captain M'Intyre, perceptible only by Lovel, the subject of her alarm, and hoped, in a voice greatly under her usual tone, it was not a less pleasant engagement which deprived them of the pleasure of Mr Lovel's company. "No engagement had intervened," he assured her, "it was only the return of a complaint by which he had been for some time occasionally attacked."

"The best remedy in such a case is prudence, and I—every friend of Mr Lovel's, will expect him to employ it."

Lovel bowed low and coloured deeply, and Miss Wardour, as if she felt that she had said too much, turned and got into the carriage. Lovel had next to part with

Oldbuck, who, during this interval, had, with Caxon's assistance, been arranging his disordered periwig, and brushing his coat, which exhibited some marks of the rude path they had traversed. "What, man!" said Oldbuck, "you are not going to leave us on account of that foolish Hector's indiscreet curiosity and vehemence?—Why, he is a thoughtless boy—a petted child from the time he was in the nurse's arms—he threw his coral and bells at my head for refusing him a bit of sugar—And you have too much sense to mind such a shrewish boy—*æquam servare mentem* is the motto of our friend Horace. I'll school Hector by and by, and put it all to rights." But Lovel persisted in his design of returning to Fairport.

The Antiquary then assumed a graver tone. "Take heed, young man, to your present feelings. Your life has been given you for useful and valuable purposes, and should be reserved to illustrate the litera-

ture of your country, when you are not called upon to expose it in her defence, or in the rescue of the innocent. Private war, a practice unknown to the civilized ancients, is, of all the absurdities introduced by the Gothic tribes, the most gross, impious, and cruel. Let me hear no more of these absurd quarrels, and I will shew you the treatise upon the duello, which I composed when the town-clerk and provost Mucklewhame chose to assume the privileges of gentlemen, and challenged each other. I thought of printing my Essay, which is signed *Pacificator*, but there was no need, as the matter was taken up by the town-council of the borough."

"But I assure you, my dear sir, there is nothing between Captain M'Intyre and me that can render such respectable interference necessary."

"See it be so, for otherwise I will stand second to both parties."

So saying, the old gentleman got into

the chaise, close to which Miss M'Intyre had detained her brother upon the same principle that the owner of a quarrelsome dog keeps him by his side to prevent his fastening upon another. But Hector contrived to give her precaution the slip, for, as he was on horseback, he lingered behind the carriages until they had fairly turned the corner in the road to Knockwinnock, and then wheeling his horse's head round, gave him the spur in the opposite direction.

A very few minutes brought him up with Lovel, who, perhaps anticipating his intention, had not put his horse beyond a slow walk, when the clatter of hoofs behind him announced Captain M'Intyre. The young soldier, his natural heat of temper exasperated by the rapidity of motion, reined his horse up suddenly and violently by Lovel's side, and, touching his hat slightly, enquired, in a very haughty tone of voice, " What am I to understand, sir,

by your telling me that your address was at my service?"

"Simply, sir, that my name is Lovel, and that my residence is, for the present, Fairport, as you will see by this card."

"And this is all the information you are disposed to give me?"

"I see no right you have to require more."

"I find you, sir, in company with my sister, and I have a right to know who is admitted to Miss M'Intyre's society."

"I shall take the liberty of disputing that right—you find me in society who are satisfied with the degree of information on my affairs which I have thought proper to communicate, and you, a mere stranger, have no right to enquire further."

"Mr Lovel, if you served, as you say you have"——

"If!" answered Lovel,—"*If* I have served as *I say* I have?"

"Yes, sir, such is my expression—if you have so served, you must know that you owe me satisfaction either in one way or other."

"If that be your opinion, I will be proud to give it to you, Captain M'Intyre, in the way in which the word is generally used among gentlemen."

"Very well, sir," rejoined Hector, and, turning his horse round, galloped off to overtake his party.

His absence had already alarmed them, and his sister having stopped the carriage, had her neck stretched out of the window to see where he was.

"What is the matter with you now?" said the Antiquary, "riding to and fro as your neck were upon the wager—why do you not keep up with the carriage?"

"I forgot my glove, sir," said Hector.

"Forgot your glove!—I presume you meant to say you went to throw it down—but I will take order with you, my young

gentleman—you shall return with me this night to Monkbarns." So saying, he bid the postillion go on.

CHAPTER V.

——— If you fail Honour here,
Never presume to serve her any more;
Bid farewell to the integrity of armes,
And the honourable name of soldier
Fall from you, like a shivered wreath of laurel
By thunder struck from a desertlesse forehead.

A Faire Quarrell.

Early the next morning, a gentleman came to wait upon Mr Lovel, who was up and ready to receive him. He was a military gentleman, a friend of Captain M'Intyre's, at present in Fairport on the recruiting service. Lovel and he were slightly known to each other. "I presume, sir," said Mr Lesley, (such was the name of the visitor,) "that you guess the occasion of my troubling you so early?"

"A message from Captain M'Intyre, I presume?"

"The same—he holds himself injured by the manner in which you declined yesterday to answer certain enquiries which he conceived himself entitled to make respecting a gentleman whom he found in intimate society with his family."

"May I ask, if you, Mr Lesley, would have inclined to satisfy interrogatories so haughtily and unceremoniously put to you?"

"Perhaps not; and therefore, as I know the warmth of my friend M'Intyre on such occasions, I feel very desirous of acting as peace-maker. From Mr Lovel's very gentleman-like manners, every one must strongly wish to see him repel all that sort of dubious calumny which will attach itself to one whose situation is not fully explained. If he will permit me, in friendly conciliation, to inform Captain M'Intyre of his real name, for we are led to conclude that of Lovel is assumed"——

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I cannot admit that inference."

"Or at least," said Lesley, proceeding, "that it is not the name by which Mr Lovel has been at all times distinguished—if Mr Lovel will have the goodness to explain this circumstance, which, in my opinion, he should do in justice to his own character, I will answer for the amicable arrangement of this unpleasant business."

"Which is to say, Mr Lesley, that if I shall condescend to answer questions which no man has a right to ask, and which are now put to me under penalty of Captain M'Intyre's resentment, Captain M'Intyre will condescend to rest satisfied? Mr Lesley, I have just one word to say on this subject—I have no doubt my secret, if I had one, might be safely entrusted to your honour, but I do not feel called upon to satisfy the curiosity of any one. Captain M'Intyre met me in society which of itself was a warrant to all the world, and particularly ought to be such

to him, that I was a gentleman. He has, in my opinion, no right to go any farther, or to enquire the pedigree, rank, or circumstances of a stranger, who, without seeking any intimate connection with him, or his, chances to dine with his uncle, or walk in company with his sister."

" In that case, Captain M'Intyre requests you to be informed, that your farther visits at Monkbarns, and all connection with Miss M'Intyre, must be dropt, as disagreeable to him."

" I shall certainly," said Lovel, " visit Mr Oldbuck when it suits me, without paying the least respect to his nephew's threats or irritable feelings. I respect the young lady's name too much (though nothing can be slighter than our acquaintance) to introduce it into such a discussion."

" In that case, Captain M'Intyre requests that Mr Lovel, unless he wishes to be announced as a very dubious character,

'will favour him with a meeting this evening, at seven, at the thorn-tree in the little valley, close by the ruins of St Ruth."

"Most unquestionably, I will wait upon him. There is only one difficulty—I must find a friend to accompany me, and where to seek one on this short notice, as I have no acquaintances in Fairport—I will be on the spot, however, Captain M'Intyre may be assured of that."

Lesley had taken his hat, and was as far as the door of the apartment, when, as if moved by the peculiarity of Lovel's situation, he returned, and thus addressed him: "Mr Lovel, there is something so singular in all this, that I cannot help again resuming the argument. You must be yourself aware at this moment of the inconvenience of your preserving an incognito, for which, I am convinced, there can be no dishonourable reason. Still this mystery renders it difficult for you to procure the assistance of a friend in a crisis so delicate —nay, let me add, that many persons will

even consider it as a piece of Quixotry in M'Intyre to give you a meeting, while your character and circumstances are involved in such obscurity."

"I understand your inuendo, Mr Lesley," rejoined Lovel, "and though I might be offended at its severity, I am not so, because it is meant kindly. But, in my opinion, he is entitled to all the privileges of a gentleman, to whose charge, during the time he has been known in the society where he happens to move, nothing can be laid that is unhandsome or unbecoming. For a friend, I dare say I will find some one or other who will do me that good turn; and if his experience be less than I could wish, I am certain not to suffer through that circumstance when you are in the field for my antagonist."

"I trust you will not," said Lesley; "but as I must, for my own sake, be anxious to divide so heavy a responsibility with a capable assistant, allow me to say, that Lieutenant Taffril's gun-brig is come

into the road-stead, and he himself is now at old Caxon's, where he lodges. I think you have the same degree of acquaintance with him as with me, and, as I am sure I would willingly have rendered you such a service were I not engaged on the other side, I am convinced he will do so at your first request."

"At the thorn-tree, then, Mr Lesley, at seven this evening—the arms, I presume, are pistols?"

"Exactly; M'Intyre has chosen the hour at which he can best escape from Monkbarns—he was at me this morning by five in order to return and present himself before his uncle was up. Good morning to you, Mr Lovel."—And Lesley left the apartment.

Lovel was as brave as most men; but none can internally regard such a crisis as now approached, without deep feelings of awe and uncertainty. In a few hours he might be in another world to answer for

an action which his calmer thought told him was unjustifiable in a religious point of view, or he might be wandering about in the present like Cain, with the blood of his brother on his head. And all this might be saved by speaking a single word. Yet pride whispered, that, to speak that word now, would be ascribed to a motive which would degrade him more low than even the most injurious reasons that could be assigned for his silence. Every one, Miss Wardour included, must then, he thought, account him a mean dishonoured poltroon, who gave to the fear of meeting Captain M'Intyre, the explanation he had refused to the calm and handsome expostulations of Mr Lesley. M'Intyre's insolent behaviour to himself personally, the air of pretension which he assumed towards Miss Wardour, and the extreme injustice, arrogance, and incivility of his demands upon a perfect stranger, seemed to justify him in repelling his rude investiga-

tion. In short, he formed the resolution, which might have been expected from so young a man, to shut the eyes, namely, of his calmer reason, and follow the dictates of his offended pride. With this purpose he sought Lieutenant Taffril.

The lieutenant received him with the good breeding of a gentleman, and the frankness of a sailor, and listened with no small surprise to the detail which preceded his request, that he might be favoured with his company at his meeting with Captain M'Intyre. When he had finished, Taffril rose up and walked through his apartment once or twice.

" This is a most singular circumstance," he said, " and really"——

" I am conscious, Mr Taffril, how little I am entitled to make my present request, but the urgency of circumstances hardly leaves me an alternative."

" Permit me to ask you one question," asked the sailor; " is there any thing of

which you are ashamed in the circumstances which you have declined to communicate?"

"Upon my honour, no; there is nothing but what, in a very short time, I trust I may publish to the whole world."

"I hope the mystery arises from no false shame at the lowness of your friends perhaps, or connections?"

"No, on my word," replied Lovel.

"I have little sympathy for that folly," said Taffril; "indeed I cannot be supposed to have any; for, speaking of my relations, I may be said to have come myself from before the mast, and I believe I shall very soon form a connection, which the world will think low enough, with a very amiable girl to whom I have been attached since we were next-door neighbours, at a time I little thought of the good fortune which has brought me forward in the service."

"I assure you, Mr Taffril, whatever were the rank of my parents, I should ne-

ver think of concealing it from a spirit of petty pride. But I am so situated at present, that I cannot enter on the subject of my family with any propriety."

"It is quite enough," said the honest sailor, "give me your hand; I'll see you as well through this business as I can, though it is but an unpleasant one after all—but what of that? our own honour has the next call on us after our country—you are a lad of spirit, and I own I think Hector M'Intyre, with his long pedigree and his airs of family, very much of a jackanapes. His father was a soldier of fortune as I am a sailor—he himself, I suppose, is little better, unless just as his uncle pleases—and whether one pursues fortune by land, or sea, makes no great difference I should fancy."

"None in the universe, certainly," answered Lovel.

"Well," said his new ally, "we will dine together and arrange matters for this

rencounter. I hope you understand the use of the weapon?"

"Not particularly," Lovel replied.

"I am sorry for that—M'Intyre is said to be a marksman."

"I am sorry for it also," said Lovel; "both for his sake and my own—I must then, in self-defence, take my aim as well as I can."

"Well," added Taffril, "I will have our surgeon's-mate on the field—a good clever young fellow at caulking a shot-hole. I will let Lesley, who is an honest fellow for a landsman, know, that he attends for the benefit of either party.—Is there any thing I can do for you in case of an accident?"

"I have but little occasion to trouble you," said Lovel; "this small billet contains the key of my escritoir, and my very brief secret—there is one letter in the escritoir (digesting a temporary swelling of the heart as he spoke) which I beg

the favour of you to deliver with your own hand."

"I understand," said the sailor; "nay, my friend, never be ashamed for the matter—an affectionate heart may overflow for an instant at the eyes, if the ship were clearing for action—and, depend on it, whatever your injunctions are, Dan Taffril will regard them like the bequest of a dying brother. But this is all stuff—we must get our things in fighting-order, and you will dine with me and my little surgeon's-mate at the Græmes'-arms, over the way, at four o'clock."

"Agreed," said Lovel.

"Agreed," said Taffril; and the whole affair was adjusted.

It was a beautiful summer evening, and the shadow of the solitary thorn-tree was lengthening upon the short green sward of the narrow valley, which was skirted by the woods that closed around the ruins of St Ruth.

Lovel and Lieutenant Taffril, with the surgeon, came upon the ground with a purpose of a nature very uncongenial to the soft, mild, and pacific character of the hour and scene. The sheep, which, during the ardent heat of the day, had sheltered in the breaches and hollows of the gravelly bank, or under the roots of the aged and stunted trees, had now spread themselves upon the face of the hill to enjoy their evening's pasture, and bleated to each other with that melancholy sound, which at once gives life to a landscape and marks its solitude. Taffril and Lovel came on in deep conference, having, for fear of discovery, sent their horses back to the town by the Lieutenant's servant. The opposite party had not yet appeared on the field. But, when they came upon the ground, there sat upon the roots of the old thorn, a figure, as vigorous in his decay as the moss-grown but strong and contorted boughs which served him for a canopy. It was old Ochiltree. "This is

embarrassing enough," said Lovel; "how shall we get rid of this old fellow?"

"Here, father Adam," cried Taffril, who knew the mendicant of yore; "here's half-a-crown for you—you must go to the Four Horse-shoes yonder—the little inn you know, and enquire for a servant with blue and yellow livery. If he is not come, you'll wait for him, and tell him we shall be with his master in about an hour's time. At any rate wait there till we come back, and get off with you—come, come, weigh anchor."

"I thank ye for your awmous," said Ochiltree, pocketing the piece of money, "but I beg your pardon, Mr Taffril—I canna gang your errand e'en now."

"Why not, man? what can hinder you?"

"I wad speak a word wi' young Mr Lovel."

"With me?" answered Lovel; "what would you say with me? come, say away and be brief."

The mendicant led him a few paces aside. "Are ye indebted ony thing to the Laird o' Monkbarns?"

"Indebted!—not I—what of that?—what makes you think so?"

"Ye maun ken I was at the shirra's the day; for, God help me, I gang about a' gates like the troubled spirit, and wha suld come whirling there in a post-chaise, but Monkbarns in an unco carfuffle—now it's no a little thing that will make his honour take a chaise and post-horse twa days rinnin'."

"Well, well; but what is all this to me?"

"Ou, ye'se hear, ye'se hear—Weel, Monkbarns is closeted wi' the shirra whatever puir folk may be left thereout—ye needna doubt that—the gentlemen are aye unco civil amang themsels."

"For Heaven's sake, my old friend"—

"Canna ye bid me gang to the deevil at ance, Mr Lovel? it wad be mair purpose-

fa'ard than to speak o' Heaven in that impatient gate."

"But I have private business with Lieutenant Taffril here."

"Weel, weel, a' in gude time—I can use a little wee bit freedom wi' Mr Daniel Taffril—mony's the peery and the tap I worked for him langsyne, for I was a worker in wood as weel as a tinkler."

"You are either mad, Adam, or have a mind to drive me mad."

"Nane o' the twa," said Edie, suddenly changing his manner from the protracted drawl of the mendicant to a brief and decided tone; "the shirra sent for his clerk, and, as the lad is rather light o' the tongue, I fand it was for drawing a warrant to apprehend you—I thought it had been on a *fugie* warrant for debt; for a' body kens the laird likes naebody to pit his hand in his pouch—But now I may haud my tongue, for I see the M'Intyre lad and Mr Lesley coming up, and I guess that Monkbarns's purpose was very kind,

and that yours is muckle waur than it should be."

The antagonists now approached, and saluted with the stern civility which befitted the occasion. "What has this old fellow to do here?" said M'Intyre.

"I am an auld fellow," said Edie, "but I am also an auld soldier o' your father's, for I served wi' him in the 42d."

"Serve where you please, you have no title to intrude on us," said M'Intyre, "or"—and he lifted his cane in terrorem, though without the idea of touching the old man. But Ochiltree's courage was roused by the insult. "Haud down your switch, Captain M'Intyre! I am an auld soldier as I said afore, and I'll take muckle frae your father's son, but no a touch o' the wand while my pike-staff will haud thegither."

"Well, well, I was wrong—I was wrong," said M'Intyre, "here's a crown for you—go your ways—what's the matter now?"

The old man drew himself up to the full advantage of his uncommon height, and, in despite of his dress, which indeed had more of the pilgrim than the ordinary beggar, looked, from height, manner, and emphasis of voice and gesture, rather like a grey palmer, or eremite preacher, the ghostly counsellor of the young men who were round him, than the object of their charity. His speech, indeed, was as homely as his habit, but as bold and unceremonious as his erect and dignified demeanour. "What are ye come here for, young men?" he said, addressing himself to the surprised audience; "are ye come amongst the most lovely works of God to break his laws?—Have ye left the works of man, the houses and the cities that are but clay and dust, like those that built them; and are ye come here among the peaceful hills, and by the quiet waters, that will last whiles aught earthly shall endure, to destroy each other's lives, that will have but an unco short time, by the

course of nature, to make up a lang account at the close o't? O sirs! hae ye brothers, sisters, fathers, that hae tended ye, and mothers that hae travailed for ye, friends that hae ca'd ye like a piece o' their ain heart? And is this the way ye tak to make them childless and brotherless and friendless?—Ohon! it's an ill fight whar he that wins has the warst o't. Think on't, bairns—I'm a puir man—but I'm an auld man too, and what my poverty takes awa' frae the weight o' my counsel, grey hairs and a truthfu' heart should add it twenty times—Gang hame, gang hame, like gude lads—the French will be ower to harry us ane o' thae days, and ye'll hae fighting aneugh, and maybe auld Edie will hirple out himsel if he can get a feal-dike to lay his gun ower, and may live to tell you whilk o' ye does the best where there's a good cause afore ye."

There was something in the undaunted and independent manner, hardy sentiments, and manly rude elocution of the

old man, that had its effect upon the party, and particularly upon the seconds, whose pride was uninterested in bringing the dispute to a bloody arbitrement, and who, on the contrary, eagerly watched for an opportunity to recommend conciliation.

"Upon my word, Mr Lesley," said Taffril, "old Adam speaks like an oracle—Our friends here were very angry yesterday, and of course very foolish—To-day they should be cool, or at least we must be so in their behalf—I think the word should be forget and forgive on both sides, that we should all shake hands, fire these foolish crackers in the air, and go home to sup in a body at the Græmes'-arms."

"I would heartily recommend it," said Lesley; "for, with a great deal of heat and irritation on both sides, I confess myself unable to discover any rational ground of quarrel."

"Gentlemen," said M'Intyre, very coldly, "all this should have been thought of before. In my opinion, persons that have

carried this matter so far as we have done, and who should part without carrying it any farther, might go to supper at the Græmes'-arms very joyously, but would rise the next morning with reputations as ragged as our friend here, who has obliged us with a rather unnecessary display of his oratory. I speak for myself, that I find myself bound to call upon you to proceed without more delay."

"And I," said Lovel, "as I never desired any, have also to request these gentlemen to arrange preliminaries as fast as possible."

"Bairns, bairns," cried old Ochiltree; but, perceiving he was no longer attended to—"Madmen, I should say—but your blood be on your heads!"—And the old man drew off from the ground, which was now measured out by the seconds, and continued muttering and talking to himself in sullen indignation mixed with anxiety, and with a strong feeling of painful curiosity. Without paying fur-

ther attention to his presence or remonstrances, Mr Lesley and the Lieutenant made the necessary arrangements for the duel, and it was agreed that both parties should fire when Mr Lesley dropped his handkerchief.

The fatal sign was given, and both fired almost in the same moment. Captain M'Intyre's ball grazed the side of his opponent, but did not draw blood. That of Lovel was more true to the aim; M'Intyre reeled and fell. Raising himself on his arm, his first exclamation was, " It is nothing—it is nothing—give us the other pistols." But in an instant he said in a lower tone, " I believe I have enough, and what's worse, I fear I deserve it. Mr Lovel, or whatever your name is, fly and save yourself—Bear all witness I provoked this matter." Then raising himself again on his arm, he added, " Shake hands, Lovel—I believe you to be a gentleman—forgive my rudeness, and I forgive you my death—My poor sister!"

The surgeon came up to perform his part of the tragedy, and Lovel stood gazing on the evil of which he had been the active, though unwilling cause, with a dizzy and bewildered eye. He was roused from his trance by the grasp of the mendicant—" Why stand you gazing on your deed?—What's doomed is doomed—what's done is past recalling. But awa', awa', if ye wad save your young blood from a shamefu' death—I see the men out-bye yonder that are come ower late to part ye—but out and alack! ower soon to drag ye to prison."

" He is right—he is right," exclaimed Taffril, " you must not attempt to get on the high-road—get into the wood till night. My brig will be under sail by that time, and at three in the morning, when the tide will serve, I shall have the boat waiting for you at the Mussel-Crag. Away—away, for heaven's sake!"

" O yes, fly, fly!" repeated the wounded man, his words faultering with convulsive sobs.

"Come with me," said the mendicant, almost dragging him off, "the captain's plan is the best—I'll carry ye to a place where ye might be concealed in the mean time, were they to seek ye wi' sluth-hounds."

"Go, go," again urged Lieutenant Taffril—"to stay here is mere madness."

"It was worse madness to come," said Lovel, pressing his hand—"But farewell!" and he followed Ochiltree into the recesses of the wood.

CHAPTER VI.

——— The Lord Abbot had a soul
Subtile and quick and searching as the fire:
By magic stairs he went as deep as hell,
And if in devils' possession gold be kept,
He brought some sure from thence—'tis hid in caves,
Known, save to me, to none——

The Wonder of a Kingdome.

Lovel almost mechanically followed the beggar, who led the way with a hasty and steady pace through bush and bramble, avoiding the beaten path, and often turning to listen whether there were any sounds of pursuit behind them. They sometimes descended into the very bed of the torrent, sometimes kept a narrow and precarious path, which the sheep (which, with the sluttish negligence towards property of that sort universal in Scotland, were allowed

to stray in the copse) had made along the very verge of its overhanging banks. From time to time Lovel had a glance of the path which he had traversed the day before in company with Sir Arthur, the Antiquary, and the young ladies. Dejected, embarrassed, and occupied by a thousand inquietudes, as he then was, what would he now have given to regain the sense of innocence which alone can counterbalance a thousand evils? "Yet then," such was his hasty and involuntary reflections, "even then, guiltless and valued by all around me, I thought myself unhappy. What am I now, with this young man's blood upon my hands?—the feeling of pride which urged me to the deed has now deserted me, as the actual fiend himself is said to do those whom he has tempted to guilt." Even his affection for Miss Wardour sunk for the time before the first pangs of remorse, and he thought he could have encountered every agony of slighted love to have had the conscious freedom from

blood-guiltiness which he possessed in the morning.

These painful reflections were not interrupted by any conversation on the part of his guide, who threaded the thicket before him, now holding back the sprays to make his path easy, now exhorting him to make haste, now muttering to himself, after the custom of solitary and neglected old age, words which might have escaped Lovel's ear even had he listened to them, or which, apprehended and retained, were too isolated to convey any connected meaning,—a habit which may be often observed among people of the old man's age and calling.

At length, as Lovel, exhausted by his late indisposition, the harrowing feelings by which he was agitated, and the exertion necessary to keep with his guide in a path so rugged, began to flag and fall behind, two or three very precarious steps placed him on the front of a precipice overhung with brushwood and copse. Here a cave, as narrow in its entrance as a fox-

earth, was indicated by a small fissure in the rock, screened by the boughs of an aged oak, which, anchored by its thick and twisted roots in the upper part of the cleft, flung its branches almost straight outward from the cliff, concealed effectually from all observation. It might indeed have escaped the attention even of one who had stood at its very opening, so uninviting was the portal at which the beggar entered. But within, the cavern was higher and more roomy, cut into two separate branches, which, intersecting each other at right angles, formed an emblem of the cross, and indicated the abode of an anchoret of former times. There are many caves of the same kind in different parts of Scotland. I need only instance those of Gorton, near Roslin, in a scene well known to the admirers of romantic nature.

The light within the cave was a dusky twilight at the entrance, which failed altogether in the inner recesses. "Few folks ken o' this place," said the old man;

"to the best o' my knowledge, there's just twa living by mysel, and that's Jingling Jock and the Lang Linker. I have had mony a thought, that when I fand mysel auld and forfairn, and no able to enjoy God's blessed air ony langer, I wad trail mysel here wi' a pickle ait-meal—and see, there's a bit bonny drapping well that popples that self-same gate simmer and winter—and I wad e'en streek mysel out here, and abide my removal, like an auld dog that trails its useless ugsome carcase into some bush or bracken, no to gie living things a sconner wi' the sight o't when it's dead—Aye, and then, when the dogs barked at the lone farm-stead, the gudewife wad cry, 'Whisht, stirra, that'll be auld Edie,' and the bits o' weans wad up, puir things, and toddle to the door, to pu' in the auld Blue-gown that minds a' their bonny-dies—but there wad be nae mair word o' Edie, I trow."

He then led Lovel, who followed him unresistingly, into one of the interior

branches of the cave. "Here," he said, "is a bit turnpike-stair that gaes up to the auld kirk above. Some folks say this place was howkit out by the monks lang syne to hide their treasure in, and some said that they used to bring things into the abbey this gate by night, that they durstna sae weel hae brought in by the main-port and by day—And some said that ane o' them turned a saint, (or aiblins wad hae had folk think sae,) and settled him doun in this Saint Ruth's cell, as the auld folks aye ca'd it, and gard big the stair, that he might gang up to the kirk when they were at the divine service. The Laird o' Monkbarns wad hae a hantle to say about it, as he has about maist things, if he kent only about the place. But whether it was made for man's devices or God's service, I have seen ower muckle sin done in it in my day, and far ower muckle have I been partaker of—aye, even here in this dark cove. Mony a gudewife's been wondering what for the

red cock didna craw her up in the morning, when he's been roasting, puir fallow, in this dark hole—And, ohon! I wish that and the like o' that had been the warst o't! Whiles they wad hae heard the din we were making in the very bowels o' the earth, when Sanders Aikwood, that was forester in thae days, the father o' Ringan that now is, was gaun daundering about the wood at e'en to see after the laird's game —and whiles he wad hae seen a glance o' the light frae the door o' the cave flaughtering against the hazels on the other bank—and then siccan stories as Sanders had about the worricous and gyre-cærlins that haunted about the auld wa's at e'en, and the lights that he had seen, and the cries that he had heard, when there was nae mortal e'e open but his ain; and eh! as he wad thrum them ower and ower to the like o' me ayont the ingle at e'en, and as I wad gie the auld silly carle grane for grane, and tale for tale, though I kend muckle better about it than ever he did.

Aye, aye—they were daft days thae—but they were a' vanity and waur, and it's fitting that thae wha hae led a light and evil life, and abused charity when they were young, suld aiblins come to lack it when they were auld."

While Ochiltree was thus recounting the exploits and tricks of his earlier life, with a tone in which glee and compunction alternately predominated, his unfortunate auditor had sat down upon the hermit's seat, hewn out of the solid rock, and abandoned himself to that lassitude, both of mind and body, which generally follows a course of events that have agited both. The effect of his late indisposition, which had much weakened his system, contributed to this lethargic despondency. " The puir bairn," said auld Edie, " an he sleep in this damp hole, he'll maybe wauken nae mair, or catch some sair disease—it's no the same to him as to the like o' us, that can sleep ony

gate an anes our wames are fu'. Sit up, Mr Lovel, lad—after a's come and gane, I dare say the captain lad will do weel aneugh—and, after a', ye are no the first that has had this misfortune. I hae seen mony a man killed, and helped to kill them mysel, though there was nae quarrel between us—and if it isna wrang to kill folk we have nae quarrel wi', just because they wear another sort of a cockade, and speak a foreign language, I canna see but a man may have excuse for killing his ain mortal foe that comes armed to the fair field to kill him. I dinna say it's right—God forbid—or that it isna sinfu' to take away what ye canna restore, and that's the breath of man, whilk is in his nostrils—but I say it is a sin to be forgiven, if it is repented of. Sinfu' men are we a'; but if ye wad believe an auld grey sinner that has seen the evil o' his ways, there is as much promise atween the twa' boards o' the Testament as wad save the warst o' us, could we but think sae."

With such scraps of comfort and of divinity as he had, the mendicant thus continued to solicit and compel the attention of Lovel, until the twilight began to fade into night. "Now," said Ochiltree, "I will carry ye to a mair convenient place, where I hae sat mony a time to hear the howlit crying out of the ivy tod, and to see the moonlight come through the auld windows o' the ruins. There can be naebody come here after this time o' night; and if they hae made ony search, thae blackguard shirraff-officers and constables, it will hae been ower lang syne. Odd, they are as great cowards as ither folk, wi' a' their warrants and king's keys—I hae gi'en some o' them a gliff in my day, when they were coming rather ower near me—But, lauded be grace for it, they canna stir me now for ony waur than an auld man and a beggar, and my badge is a gude protection; and then Miss Isabella Wardour is a tower o' strength, ye ken—(Lovel sighed)—Aweel, dinna be cast down—bowls may

a' row right yet—gie the lassie time to ken her mind—she's the wale o' the country for beauty, and a gude friend o' mine—I gang by the bridewell as safe as by the kirk on a Sabbath—di'el ony o' them daur hurt a hair o' auld Edie's head now—I keep the crown o' the causey when I gae to the borough, and rub shouthers wi' a baillie wi' as little concern as an he were a brock."

While the mendicant spoke thus, he was busied in removing a few loose stones in one angle of the cave which obscured the entrance of the stair-case of which he had spoken, and led the way into it, followed by Lovel in passive silence.

"The air's free eneugh," said the old man; "the monks took care o' that, for they werena a lang-breathed generation, I reckon—they hae contrived queer tirlie-wirlie holes, that gang out to the open air, and keep the stair as caller as a kail-blade."

Lovel accordingly found the stair-case well aired, and, though narrow, it was nei-

ther ruinous nor long, but speedily admitted them into a narrow gallery contrived to run within the side-wall of the chancel from which it received air and light, through apertures ingeniously hidden amid the florid ornaments of the Gothic architecture.

"This secret passage anes gaed round great part o' the bigging," said the beggar, "and through the wa' o' the place I've heard Monkbarns ca' the Refractory, (meaning probably *Refectory*,) and so awa' to the Prior's ain house.—It's like he could use it to listen what the monks were saying at meal-time, and then he might come ben here and see that they were busy skreighing away wi' the psalms doun below there—and then, when he saw a' was right and tight, he might step awa' and fetch in a bonny lass at the cove yonder, for they were queer hands the monks, unless mony lees is made on them. But our folk were at great pains lang syne to big up the passage in some parts, and pu' it

down in others, for fear o' some uncanny body getting into it, and finding their way doun to the cove—it wad hae been a fashious job that—by my certie, some o' our necks wad hae been ewking."

They now came to a place where the gallery was enlarged into a small circle, sufficient to contain a stone seat. A niche, constructed exactly before it, projected forward into the chancel, and as its sides were latticed, as it were, with perforated stone-work, it commanded a full view of the chancel in every direction, and was probably constructed, as Edie intimated, to be a convenient watch-tower from which the superior priest, himself unseen, might watch the behaviour of his monks, and ascertain, by personal inspection, their punctual attendance upon those rites of devotion which his rank exempted him from sharing with them. As this niche made one of a regular series which stretched along the wall of the chancel, and in no respect differed from

the rest when seen from below, the secret station, screened as it was by the stone figure of St Michael and the dragon and the open tracery around the niche, was completely hid from observation. The private passage, confined to its pristine breadth, had originally continued beyond this seat; but the jealous precautions of the vagabonds who frequented the cave of St Ruth had caused them to build it carefully up with hewn stones from the ruin.

"We will be better here"—said Edie, seating him on the stone bench, and stretching the lappet of his blue gown upon the spot, when he motioned Lovel to sit down beside him—"We will be better here than doun below—the air's free and mild, and the savour of the wall-flowers, and siccan shrubs as grow on thae ruined wa's, is far mair refreshing than the damp smell doun below yonder. They smell sweetest by night-time thae flowers,

and they're maist aye seen about ruined buildings—now, Mr Lovel, can ony o' your scholars gie a gude reason for that?"

Lovel replied in the negative.

"I am thinking," resumed the beggar, "that they'll be like mony folks' gude gifts, that often seem maist gracious in adversity—or maybe it's a parable, to teach us no to slight them that are in the darkness of sin and the decay of tribulation, since God sends odours to refresh the mirkest hour, and flowers and pleasant bushes to clothe the ruined buildings. And now I wad like a wise man to tell me whether Heaven is maist pleased wi' the sight we are looking upon—thae pleasant and quiet lang streaks o' moonlight that are lying sae still on the floor o' this auld kirk, and glancing through the great pillars and stauncheons o' the carved windows, and just dancing like on the leaves o' the dark ivy as the breath o' wind shakes it—I wonder whether this is mair pleasing to Heaven than when it was

lighted up wi' lamps, and candles nae doubt, and roughies, and wi' the mirth, and the frankincent that they speak of in the Holy Scripture, and wi' organs assuredly, and men and women singers, and sackbuts, and dulcimers, and a' instruments o' music—I wonder if that was acceptable, or whether it is to these grand parafle o' ceremonies that holy writ says 'is an abomination to me'—I am thinking, Mr Lovel, if twa puir contrite spirits like yours and mine fand grace to make our petition"——

Here Lovel laid his hand eagerly on the mendicant's arm, saying, "Hush! I heard some one speak."

"I am dull o' hearing," answered Edie in a whisper, "but we're surely safe here—where was the sound?"

Lovel pointed to the door of the chancel, which, highly ornamented, occupied the west end of the building, surmounted by the carved window, which let in a flood of moonlight over it.

"They can be nane o' our folk," said Edie, in the same low and cautious tone; "there's but twa o' them kens o' the place, and they're mony a mile off, if they are still bound on their weary pilgrimage. I'll never think it's the officers here at this time o' night. I am nae believer in auld wives' stories about ghaists, though this is gae like a place for them—But mortal, or of the other world, here they come—twa men and a light."

And in very truth, while the mendicant spoke, two human figures darkened with their shadows the entrance of the chancel which had before opened to the moonlight meadow beyond, and the small lanthorn which one of them displayed, glimmered pale in the clear and strong beams of the moon, as the evening star does among the lights of the departing day. The first and most obvious idea was, that, despite the asseverations of Edie Ochiltree, the persons who approached the ruins at an hour so uncommon must be the offi-

cers of justice in quest of Lovel. But no part of their conduct confirmed this suspicion. A touch and a whisper from the old man warned Lovel that his best course was to remain quiet, and watch their motions from their present place of concealment. Should any thing appear to render retreat necessary, they had behind them the private staircase and cavern, by means of which they could escape into the wood long before any danger of close pursuit. They kept themselves, therefore, as still as possible, and observed, with eager and anxious curiosity, every accent and motion of these nocturnal wanderers.

After conversing together some time in whispers, the two figures advanced into the middle of the chancel, and a voice which Lovel at once recognized, from its tone and dialect, to be that of Dousterswivel, pronounced in a louder but still a smothered tone, "Indeed, mine goot sir, dere cannot be one finer hour nor season for dis great purpose. You shall see, mine

goot sir, dat it is all one bibble-babble dat Mr Oldbuck says, and dat he knows no more of what he speaks than one little shild. Mine soul! he expects to get as rich as one Jew for his poor dirty one hundred pounds, which I care no more about, by mine honest wort, than I care for an hundred stivers. But to you, my most munificent and reverend patron, I will shew all de secrets dat art can shew—aye, de secret of de great Pymander."

"That other ane," whispered Edie, "maun be, according to a' likelihood, Sir Arthur Wardour. I ken naebody but himsel wad come here at this time at e'en wi' that German blackguard—Ane wad think he's bewitched him—he gars him e'en trow that chalk is cheese—let's see what they can be doing."

This interruption, and the low tone in which Sir Arthur spoke, made Lovel lose all Sir Arthur's answer to the adept, excepting the three last emphatic words, "Very great expence,"—to which Douster-

swivel at once replied,—" Expences—to be sure—dere must be de great expences —you do not expect to reap before you do sow the seed—de expence is de seed—de riches and de mine of goot metal, and now de great big chests of plate, they are de crop—vary goot crop too, on mine wort. Now, Sir Arthur, you have sowed this night one little seed of ten guineas like one pinch of snuff, or so big—and if you do not reap de great harvest—dat is de great harvest for de little pinch of seed, for it must be proportions you must know—then never call one honest man, Herman Dousterswivel. Now you see, mine patron—for I will not conceal mine secret from you at all—you see this little plate of silver—you know de moon measureth de whole zodiack in de space of twenty-eight day—every shild knows dat —well, I take a silver plate when she is in her fifteenth mansion, which mansion is in de head of *Libra*, and I engrave upon one side de worts, Schedbarschemoth Schar-

tathan—dat is, de Intelligency of de Intelligence of de moon—and I make his picture like a flying serpent with a turkey-cock's head—vary well—Then upon this side I make de table of de moon, which is a square of nine, multiplied into itself, with eighty-one numbers on every side, and diameter nine—dere it is done very proper—Now I will make dis avail me at de change of every quarter-moon dat I shall find by de same proportions of expences I lay out in de suffumigations, as nine, to de product of nine multiplied into itself—But I shall find no more to-night, as may be two or three times nine, because dere is a thwarting power in de house of ascendency."

"But Dousterswivel," said the simple Baronet, "does not this look like magic?—I am a true though unworthy son of the episcopal church, and I will have nothing to do with the foul fiend."

"Bah! bah!—not a bit magic in it at all—not a bit—It is all founded on de

planetary influence and de sympathy and force of numbers—I will shew you much finer dan dis—I do not say dere is not de spirit in it, because of de suffumigation; but, if you are not afraid, he shall not be invisible."

"I have no curiosity to see him at all," said the Baronet, whose courage seemed, from a certain quaver in his accent, to have taken a fit of the ague.

"Dat is great pity," said Dousterswivel; "I should have liked to shew you de spirit dat guard this treasure like one fierce watch-dog—but I know how to manage him—you would not care to see him?"

"Not at all," answered the Baronet, in a tone of feigned indifference; "I think we have but little time."

"You shall pardon me, my patron, it is not yet twelve, and twelve precise is just our planetary hours; and I could shew you de spirit vary well, in de meanwhile, just for pleasure. You see I would draw a

pentagon within a circle, which is no trouble at all, and make my suffumigation within it, and dere we would be like in one strong castle, and you would hold de sword while I did say de needful worts—Den you should see de solid wall open like de gate of ane city, and den—let me see—aye—you should see first one stag pursued by three black greyhounds, and they should pull him down as they do at de elector's great hunting-match—and then one ugly, little, nasty black negro should appear and take de stag from them—and paf—all should be gone—then you should hear horns winded dat all de ruins should ring—mine wort, they should play fine hunting piece, as goot as him you call'd Fischer with his oboi—vary well—then comes one herald, as we call Erenhold, winding his horn—and then come de great Peolphan, called the Mighty Hunter of the North, mounted on hims black steed—but you would not care to see all this?"

"Why, I am not afraid—if—if—that is—do any thing—great mischiefs happen on such occasions."

"Bah—mischiefs? no! sometimes if de circle be no quite just, or de beholder be de frightened coward, and not hold de sword firm and strait towards him, de great hunter will take his advantage and drag him exorcist out of de circle and throttle him. Dat does happens."

"Well then, Dousterswivel, with every confidence in my courage and your skill, we will dispense with this apparition, and go on to the business of the night."

"With all mine heart—it is just one thing to me—and now it is de time—hold you de sword till I kindle de little what you call chip."

Dousterswivel accordingly set fire to a little pile of chips, touched and prepared with some bituminous substance to make them burn fiercely, and when the flame was at the highest, and lightened, with

its short-lived glare, all the ruins around, the German flung in a handful of perfumes which produced a strong and pungent odour. The exorcist and his pupil both were so much affected as to cough and sneeze heartily; and, as the vapour floated around the pillars of the building, and penetrated every crevice, it produced the same effect on the beggar and Lovel.

"Was that an echo?" said the Baronet, astonished at the sternutation which resounded from above; "or"—drawing close to the adept, "can it be the spirit you talked of, ridiculing our attempt upon his hidden treasures?"

"N—n—no," muttered the German, who began to partake of his pupil's terrors, "I hope not."

Here a violent explosion of sneezing, which the mendicant was unable to suppress, and which could not be considered by any means as the dying fall of an echo, accompanied by a grunting half-smothered

cough, confounded the two treasure-seekers. "Lord have mercy upon us!" said the baronet.

"*Alle guten geistern loben den Herrn!*" ejaculated the terrified adept. "I was begun to think," he continued, after a moment's silence, "that this would be de bestermost done in de day-light—we was bestermost to go away just now."

"You juggling villain," said the Baronet, in whom these expressions awakened a suspicion that overcame his terrors, connected as it was with the sense of desperation, arising from the apprehension of impending ruin; "you juggling mountebank, this is some legerdemain trick of yours to get off from the performance of your promise, as you have so often done before. But, before Heaven, I will this night know what I have trusted to when I suffered you to fool me on to my ruin!—Go on then—come fairy, come fiend, you shall shew me that treasure, or confess yourself a knave and an impostor, or, by

the faith of a desperate and ruined man, I'll send you where you shall see spirits enough."

The treasure-finder, trembling between his terror for the supernatural beings by whom he supposed himself to be surrounded, and for his life, which seemed to be at the mercy of a desperate man, could only bring out, "Mine patron, this is not the allerbestmost usage. Consider, mine honoured sir, that de spirits"——

Here Edie, who began to enter into the humour of the scene, uttered an extraordinary howl, being an exaltation and a prolongation of the most deplorable whine in which he was accustomed to solicit charity—Dousterswivel flung himself on his knees, "Dear Sir Arthurs, let us go, or let me go!"

"No, you cheating scoundrel," said the knight, unsheathing the sword which he had brought for the purposes of the exorcism, "that shift will not serve you—Monkbarns warned me long since of your

juggling pranks—I will see this treasure before you leave this place, or I will have you confess yourself an impostor, or, by Heaven, I'll run this sword through you though all the spirits of the dead should rise round us!"

"For de lofe of Heaven be patient, mine honoured patron, and you shall hafe all de treasure as I knows of—yes—you shall indeed—but do not speak about de spirits—it makes them angry."

Edie Ochiltree here prepared himself to throw in another groan, but was restrained by Lovel, who began to take a more serious interest, as he observed the earnest and almost desperate demeanour of Sir Arthur. Dousterswivel having at once before his eyes the fear of the foul fiend and the violence of Sir Arthur, played his part of a conjuror extremely ill, hesitating to assume the degree of confidence necessary to deceive the latter, lest it should give offence to the invisible cause of his alarm.

However, after rolling his eyes, muttering and sputtering German exorcisms, with contortions of his face and person, rather flowing from the impulse of terror than of meditated fraud, he at length proceeded to a corner of the building where a flat stone lay upon the ground, bearing upon its surface the effigy of an armed warrior in a recumbent posture, carved in bas-relief. He muttered to Sir Arthur, "Mine patrons—it is here—Got safe us all!"

Sir Arthur, who, after the first moment of his superstitious fear was over, seemed to have bent up all his faculties to the pitch of resolution necessary to carry on the adventure, lent the adept his assistance to turn over the stone, which, by means of a lever that the adept had provided, their joint force with difficulty effected. No supernatural light burst forth from below to indicate the subterranean treasury, nor was there any apparition of spirits, earthly or infernal. But when Dousterswivel had, with great tre-

pidation, struck a few strokes with a mattock, and as hastily thrown out a shovelful or two of earth, (for they came provided with the tools necessary for digging,) something was heard to ring like the sound of a falling piece of metal, and Dousterswivel, hastily catching up the substance which produced it, and which his shovel had thrown out along with the earth, exclaimed, "On mine dear wort, mine patrons, dis is all—it is indeed—I mean all we can do to-night,"—and he gazed round him with a cowering and fearful glance, as if to see from what corner the avenger of his imposture was to start forth.

"Let me see it," said Sir Arthur; and then repeated still more sternly, "I will be satisfied—I will judge by mine own eyes." He accordingly held the object to the light of the lanthorn. It was a small case, or casket,—for Lovel could not at the distance exactly discern its shape, which, from the baronet's exclamation as he opened it, he concluded was filled with

coin. "Aye," said the Baronet, "this is being indeed in good luck, and if it omens proportional success upon a larger venture, the venture shall be made. That six hundred of Goldieword's, added to the other incumbent claims, must have been ruin indeed—If you think we can parry it by repeating this experiment—suppose when the moon next changes,—I will hazard the necessary advance, come by it how I may."

"O mine goot patrons, do not speak about all dat," said Dousterswivel, "as just now, but help me to put de shtone to de rights, and let us begone our own ways." And accordingly, so soon as the stone was replaced, he hurried Sir Arthur, who was now resigned once more to his guidance, away from a spot where the German's guilty conscience and superstitious fears represented goblins as lurking behind each pillar with the purpose of punishing his treachery.

"Saw ony body e'er the like o' that!" said Edie, when they had disappeared like

shadows through the gate by which they had entered—"Saw ony creature living e'er the like o' that!—But what can we do for that puir doited deevil of a knight-baronet?—Odd, he shewed muckle mair spunk, too, than I thought had been in him—I thought he wad hae sent cauld iron through the vagabond—Sir Arthur wasna half sae bauld at Bessie's-apron yon night—but then his blood wasna up, and that makes an unco difference. I hae seen mony a man wad hae felled another an' anger him, that wadna muckle hae liked a clink against Crummie's-horn yon time. But what's to be done?"

"I suppose," said Lovel, "his faith in this fellow is entirely restored by this deception, which, unquestionably, he had arranged before-hand."

"What! the siller?—Aye, aye—trust him for that—they that hide ken best where to find—he wants to wile him out o' his last guinea, and then escape to his ain country, the land-louper. I wad liked

weel just to hae come in at the clipping-time, and gi'en him a lounder wi' my pike-staff; he wad hae ta'en it for a bennison frae some o' the auld dead abbots—But it's best no to be rash—sticking disna gang by strength, but by the guiding o' the gully—I'se be upsides wi' him ae day."

"What if you should inform Mr Oldbuck?" said Lovel.

"Ou, I dinna ken—Monkbarns and Sir Arthur are like, and yet they're no like neither—Monkbarns has whiles influence wi' him, and whiles Sir Arthur cares as little about him as about the like o' me. Monkbarns is no that ower wise himsel in some things—he wad believe a bodle to be an auld Roman coin, as he ca's it, or a ditch to be a camp, upon ony leasing that idle folk made about it. I hae gard him true mony a queer tale mysel, gude forgie me. But wi' a' that, he has unco little sympathy wi' ither folks; and he's snell and dure aneugh in casting up their nonsense to them, as if he had nane o' his ain. He'll listen the

hale day, an ye tell him about tales o' Wallace, and Blind Harry, and Davie Lindsay, but ye maunna speak to him about ghaists or fairies, or spirits walking the earth, or the like o' that—he had near flung auld Caxon out o' the window amaist, (and he might just as weel hae flung awa' his best wig after him) for threeping he had seen a ghaist at the Humlock-knowe. Now, if he was taking it up in this way, he wad set up the tother's birse, and maybe do mair ill nor good—he's done that twice or thrice about thae mine-warks—ye wad thought Sir Arthur had a pleasure in gaun on wi' them the deeper, the mair he was warn'd against it by Monkbarns."

"What say you then," said Lovel, "to letting Miss Wardour know the circumstance?"

"Ou, puir thing, how could she stop her father doing his pleasure?—and, besides, what wad it help?—There's a sough in the country about that six hundred pounds, and there's a writer chield in

Edinburgh has been driving the spur-rowels o' the law into Sir Arthur's sides up to the head to gar him pay it, and if he canna, he maun gang to jail or flee the country. He's like a desperate man, and just catches at this chance as a' he has left, to escape utter perdition; so what signifies plaguing the puir lassie about what canna be helped?—And besides, to say the truth, I wadna like to tell the secret o' this place. It's unço convenient, ye see yoursel, to hae a hiding-hole o' ane's ain, and though I be out o' the line o' needing ane e'en now, and trust in the power o' grace that I'll ne'er do ony thing to need ane again, yet naebody kens what temptation ane may be gi'en ower to—and, to be brief, I downa bide the thought of ony body kenning about the place—they say, keep a thing seven years, and ye'll aye find a use for't —and maybe I may need the cove, either for mysel, or for some ither body."

This argument, in which Edie Ochiltree, notwithstanding his scraps of mora-

lity and of divinity, seemed to take, perhaps from old habit, a personal interest; could not be handsomely controverted by Lovel, who was at that moment reaping the benefit of the secret of which the old man appeared to be so jealous.

This incident, however, was of great service to Lovel, as diverting his mind from the unhappy occurrence of the evening, and considerably rousing the energies which had been stupified by the first view of his calamity. He reflected, that it by no means necessarily followed that a dangerous wound must be a fatal one—that he had been hurried from the spot even before the surgeon had expressed any opinion of Captain M'Intyre's situation—and that he had duties on earth to perform, even should the very worst be true, which, if they could not restore his peace of mind or sense of innocenee, would furnish a motive for enduring existence, and at the same time render it a course of active benevolence.

Such were Lovel's feelings when the hour arrived, when, according to Edie's calculation, who, by some train or process of his own in observing the heavenly bodies, stood independent of the assistance of a watch or timekeeper, it was fitting they should leave their hiding place, and betake themselves to the sea-shore, in order to meet Lieutenant Taffril's boat according to appointment.

They retreated by the same passage which had admitted them to the prior's secret seat of observation, and when they issued from the grotto into the wood, the birds, which began to chirp, and even to sing, announced that the dawn was advanced. This was confirmed by the light and amber clouds that appeared over the sea so soon as their exit from the copse permitted them to view the horizon. Morning, said to be friendly to the muses, has probably obtained this character from its effect upon the fancy and feelings of mankind. Even to those who, like Lovel,

have spent a sleepless and anxious night, the breeze of the dawn brings strength and quickening both of mind and body. It was therefore with renewed health and vigour that Lovel, guided by the trusty mendicant, brushed away the dew as he traversed the downs which divided the Den of St Ruth, as the woods surrounding the ruins were popularly called, from the sea-shore.

The first level beam of the sun, as his brilliant disk began to emerge from the ocean, shot full upon the little gun-brig which was laying-to in the offing—close to the shore the boat was already waiting, Taffril himself, with his naval cloak wrapped about him, seated in the stern. He jumped ashore when he saw the mendicant and Lovel approach, and, shaking the latter heartily by the hand, begged him not to be cast down. "M'Intyre's wound," he said, "was doubtful, but far from desperate." His attention had got Lovel's baggage privately sent on board

the brig; "and," he said, "he trusted that, if Lovel chose to stay with the vessel, the penalty of a short cruize would be the only disagreeable consequence of his rencontre. As for himself, his time and motions were a good deal at his own disposal," he said, "excepting the necessary obligation of remaining on his station."

"We will talk of our further motions," said Lovel, "as we go on board."

Then turning to Edie, he endeavoured to put money into his hand. "I think," said Edie, as he tendered it back again, "the hale folk here have either gane daft, or they hae made a vow to ruin my trade, as they say ower muckle water drowns the miller. I hae had mair gowd offered me within this twa or three weeks than I ever saw in my life afore. Keep the siller, lad, ye'll hae need o't I'se warrant ye, and I hae nane—my claes is nae great things, and I get a blue-gown every year, and as mony siller-groats as the king, God bless him, is years auld—you and I serve

the same master, ye ken, Captain Taffril—there's rigging provided for—and my meat and drink I get for the asking in my rounds, or, at an orra time, I can gang a day without it, for I make it a rule never to pay for nane—So that a' the siller I need is just to buy tobacco and sneeshin, and maybe a dram at a time in a cauld day, though I am nae dram-drinker to be a gaberlunzie—Sae take back your notes, and just gie me a lily-white shilling."

Upon these whims, which he imagined intimately connected with the honour of his vagabond profession, Edie was flint and adamant, not to be moved by rhetoric or entreaty, and therefore Lovel was under the necessity of again pocketing his intended bounty, and taking a friendly leave of the mendicant by shaking him by the hand, and assuring him of his cordial gratitude for the very important services which he had rendered him, recommending, at the same time, secrecy as to what they had that night witnessed.—

" Ye needna doubt that," said Ochiltree, " I never tell'd tales out o' yon cove in my life, though mony a queer thing I hae seen in't."

The boat now put off. The old man remained looking after it as it made rapidly towards the brig under the impulse of six stout rowers, and Lovel beheld him again wave his blue-bonnet as a token of farewell ere he turned from his fixed posture, and began to move slowly along the sands as if resuming his customary perambulations.

CHAPTER VII.

Wiser Raymond, as in his closet pent,
Laughs at such danger and adventurement,
When half his lands are spent in golden smoke,
And now his second hopeful glasse is broke;
But yet, if haply his third furnace hold,
Devoteth all his pots and pans to gold.

About a week after the adventures commemorated in our last chapter, Mr Oldbuck, descending to his breakfast-parlour, found that his womankind were not upon duty, his toast not made, and the silver jug, which wont to receive his libations of mum, not duly aired for its reception.

"This confounded hot-brained boy"—he said to himself, "now that he begins to get out of danger I can tolerate this life no longer—All goes to sixes and sevens—an universal saturnalia seems to be proclaimed in my peaceful and orderly family—I ask for my sister—no answer—I call,

I shout—I invocate my inmates by more names than the Romans gave to their deities—At length, Jenny, whose shrill voice I have heard this half hour lilting in the tartarean regions of the kitchen, condescends to hear me, and reply, but without coming up stairs, so the conversation must be continued at the top of my lungs."—Here he again began to hollow aloud, "Jenny, where's Miss Oldbuck?"

"Miss Grizzy's in the captain's room."

"Umph, I thought so—and where's my niece?"

"Miss Mary's making the captain's tea."

"Umph, I supposed as much again—and where's Caxon?"

"Awa' to the town about the captain's fowling-gun and his setting-dog."

"And who the devil's to dress my periwig, you silly jade?—when you knew that Miss Wardour and Sir Arthur were coming here early after breakfast, how could you let Caxon go on such a Tom-fool's errand?"

"Me! what could I hinder him? your honour wadna hae us contradict the captain e'en now, and him maybe deeing?"

"Dying!—eh!—what?—has he been worse?"

"Na, he's no nae waur that I ken of."

"Then he must be better—and what good is a dog and a gun to do here, but the one to destroy all my furniture, steal from my larder, and perhaps worry the cat, and the other to shoot somebody through the head—he has had gunning and pistolling enough to serve him one while, I should think."

Here Miss Oldbuck entered the parlour, at the door of which Oldbuck was carrying on this conversation, he bellowing down to Jenny, and she again screaming upward in reply. "Dear brother," said the old lady, "ye'll cry yoursel as hoarse as a corbie—is that the way to skreigh when there's a sick person in the house?"

"Upon my word, the sick person's like to have all the house to himself. I have

gone without my breakfast, and am like to go without my wig; and I must not, I suppose, presume to say I feel either hunger or cold, for fear of disturbing the sick gentleman, who lies six rooms off, and who feels himself well enough to send for his dog and his gun, though he knows I detest such implements ever since our elder brother, poor Williewald, marched out of the world on a pair of damp feet caught in the Kittlefitting moss—But that signifies nothing—I suppose I shall be expected by and by to lend a hand to carry Squire Hector out upon his litter, while he indulges his sportsman-like propensities by shooting my pigeons, or my turkeys—I think any of the *feræ naturæ* are safe from him for one while."

Miss M'Intyre now entered, and began to her usual morning's task of arranging her uncle's breakfast, with the alertness of one who is too late in setting about a task and is anxious to make up for lost time. But this did not avail her. "Take

care, you silly womankind—that's too near the fire—the bottle will burst—and I suppose you intend to reduce the toast to a cinder as a burnt-offering for Juno, or what do ye call her—the female dog there, with some such Pantheon kind of a name, that your wise brother has, in his first moments of mature reflection, ordered up as a fitting inmate of my house, (I thank him,) and meet company to aid the rest of the womankind of my household in their daily conversation and intercourse with him."

"Dear uncle, don't be angry about the poor spaniel; she's been tied up at my brother's lodgings at Fairport, and she's broke her chain twice, and come running down here to him; and you would not have us beat the faithful beast away from the door—it moans as if it had some sense of poor Hector's misfortune, and will hardly stir from the door of his room."

"Why, they said Caxon had gone to Fairport after his dog and gun."

" O dear sir, no—it was to fetch some dressings that were wanted, and Hector only wished him to bring out his gun, as he was going to Fairport at any rate."

" Well, then, it is not altogether so foolish a business, considering what a mess of womankind have been about it—Dressings, quotha?—and who is to dress my wig?—but I suppose Jenny will undertake"—continued the old bachelor, looking at himself in the glass,—" to make it somewhat decent—and now let us set to breakfast—with what appetite we may—well may I say to Hector as Sir Isaac Newton did to his dog Diamond, when the animal (I detest dogs) flung down the taper among calculations which had occupied the philosopher for twenty years, and consumed the whole mass of materials—Diamond, Diamond, thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!"

" I assure you, sir, my brother is quite sensible of the rashness of his own beha-

viour, and allows that Mr Lovel behaved very handsomely."

"And much good that will do when he has frightened the lad out of the country —I tell thee, Mary, Hector's understanding, and far more that of feminity, is inadequate to comprehend the extent of the loss which he has occasioned to the present age and to posterity—*aureum quidem opus*—a poem on such a subject—with notes illustrative of all that is clear, and all that is dark; and all that is neither dark nor clear, but hovers in dusky twilight in the region of Caledonian antiquities. I would have made the Celtic panegyrists look about them—Fingal, as they conceitedly term Fin-Mac-Coul, should have disappeared before my search, rolling himself on his cloud like the spirit of Loda. Such an opportunity can hardly again occur to an ancient and grey-haired man —and to see it lost by the madcap spleen of a hot-headed boy! but I submit—Heaven's will be done."

Thus continued the Antiquary to *maunder*, as his sister expressed it, during the whole time of breakfast, while, despite of sugar and honey, and all the comfits of a Scottish morning tea-table, his reflections rendered the meal bitter to all who heard them. But they knew the nature of the man. "Monkbarns's bark," said Miss Griselda Oldbuck, in confidential intercourse with Miss Rebecca Blattergowl, "is muckle waur than his bite."

He had suffered in mind extremely while his nephew was in actual danger, and now felt himself at liberty, upon his returning health, to indulge in complaints respecting the trouble he had been put to, and the interruption of his antiquarian labours. Listened to, therefore, in respectful silence by his niece and sister, he unloaded his discontent in such grumblings as we have rehearsed, venting many a sarcasm against womankind, soldiers, dogs, and guns, all which implements of noise, dis-

cord, and tumult, as he called them, he professed to hold in utter abomination.

This expectoration of spleen was suddenly interrupted by the noise of a carriage without, when, shaking off all sullenness at the sound, Oldbuck ran nimbly down stairs and up stairs, for both operations were necessary, ere he could receive Miss Wardour and her father at the door of his mansion.

A cordial greeting passed on both sides. And Sir Arthur, referring to his previous enquiries by letter and message, requested to be particularly informed of Captain M'Intyre's health.

"Better than he deserves," was the answer; "better than he deserves, for disturbing us with his vixen brawls, and breaking God's peace and the king's."

"The young gentleman," Sir Arthur said, "had been imprudent; but he understood they were indebted to him for the detection of a suspicious character in the young man Lovel."

"No more suspicious than his own—the young gentleman was a little foolish and headstrong, and refused to answer Hector's impertinent interrogatories—that is all. Lovel, Sir Arthur, knows how to chuse his confidants better—aye, Miss Wardour, you may look at me—but it is very true—it was in my bosom that he deposited the secret cause of his residence at Fairport, and no stone should have been left unturned on my part to assist him in the pursuit to which he had dedicated himself."

On hearing this magnanimous declaration on the part of the old Antiquary, Miss Wardour changed colour more than once, and could hardly trust her own ears. For of all confidants to be selected as the depositary of love affairs, and such she naturally supposed must have been the subject of communication, (next to Edie Ochiltree) Oldbuck seemed the most uncouth and extraordinary; nor could she sufficiently admire or fret at the extraordinary

combination of circumstances which thus threw a secret of such a delicate nature into the possession of persons so unfitted to be entrusted with it. She had next to fear the mode of Oldbuck's entering upon the affair with her father, for such, she doubted not, was his intention. She well knew, that the honest gentleman, however vehement in his prejudices, had no great sympathy with those of others, and she had to fear a most unpleasant explosion, upon an eclaircissement taking place between them. It was therefore with great anxiety that she heard her father request a private interview, and observed Oldbuck readily arise, and shew the way to his library. She remained behind, attempting to converse with the ladies of Monkbarns, but with the distracted feelings of Macbeth, when compelled to disguise his evil conscience, by listening and replying to the observations of the attendant thanes upon the storm of the pre-

ceding night, while his whole soul is upon the stretch to listen for the alarm of murder, which he knows must be instantly raised by those who have entered the sleeping apartment of Duncan. But the conversation of the two virtuosi turned on a subject very different from that which Miss Wardour apprehended.

"Mr Oldbuck," said Sir Arthur, when they had, after a due exchange of ceremonies, fairly seated themselves in the *sanctum sanctorum* of the Antiquary,—"you, who know so much of my family matters, may probably be surprised at the question I am about to put to you."

"Why, Sir Arthur, if it relates to money, I am very sorry, but"——

"It does relate to money matters, Mr Oldbuck."

"Really then, Sir Arthur," continued the Antiquary, "in the present state of the money-market—and stocks being so low"——

"You mistake my meaning, Mr Oldbuck," said the Baronet; "I wished to ask your advice about laying out a large sum of money to advantage."

"The devil!" exclaimed the Antiquary; and, sensible that his involuntary ejaculation of wonder was not over and above civil, he proceeded to qualify it by expressing his joy that Sir Arthur should have a sum of money to lay out when the commodity was so scarce. "And as for the mode of employing it," said he, pausing, "the funds are low at present, as I said before, and there are good bargains of land to be had. But had you not better begin by clearing off incumbrances, Sir Arthur?—There is the sum in the personal bond—and the three notes of hand,"—continued he, taking out of the right-hand drawer of his cabinet a certain red memorandum-book, of which Sir Arthur, from the experience of former frequent appeals to it, abhorred the very sight—"with the interest thereon, amounting altogether to—let me see"—

"To about a thousand pounds," said Sir Arthur hastily; "you told me the amount the other day."

"But there's another term's interest due since that, Sir Arthur, and it amounts (errors excepted) to eleven hundred and thirteen pounds, seven shillings, five pennies, and three-fourths of a penny sterling—but look over the summation yourself."

"I dare say you are quite right, my dear sir," said the Baronet, putting away the book with his hand as one rejects the old-fashioned civility that presses food upon you, after you have eaten till you nauseate,—"perfectly right, I dare to say, and in the course of three days or less you shall have the full value—that is, if you chuse to accept it in bullion."

"Bullion! I suppose you mean lead. What the deuce! have we hit on the vein then at last?—But what could I do with a thousand pounds worth, and upwards, of lead?—the former Abbots of Trotcosey

might have roofed their church and monastery with it indeed—but for me"——

"By bullion," said the Baronet, "I mean the precious metals,—gold and silver."

"Aye! indeed?—And from what Eldorado is this treasure to be imported?"

"Not far from hence," said Sir Arthur, significantly; "and, now I think of it, you shall see the whole process on one small condition."

"And what is that?" craved the Antiquary.

"Why, it will be necessary for you to give me your friendly assistance, by advancing one hundred pounds or thereabouts."

Mr Oldbuck, who had already been grasping in idea the sum, principal and interest, of a debt which he had long regarded as well nigh desperate, was so much astounded at the tables being so unexpectedly turned upon him, that he could

only re-echo, in an accent of woe and surprise, the words, "Advance one hundred pounds!"

"Yes, my good sir," continued Sir Arthur; "but upon the best possible security of being repaid in the course of two or three days."

There was a pause—either Oldbuck's nether-jaw had not recovered its position so as to enable him to utter a negative, or his curiosity kept him silent.

"I would not propose to you," continued Sir Arthur, "to oblige me thus far, if I did not possess actual proofs of the reality of those expectations which I now hold out to you. And, I assure you, Mr Oldbuck, that in entering fully upon this topic, it is my purpose to shew my confidence in you, and my sense of your kindness on many former occasions."

Mr Oldbuck professed his sense of obligation, but carefully avoided committing himself by any promise of further assistance.

"Mr Dousterswivel," said Sir Ar-
"having discovered"——

Here Oldbuck broke in, his eyes sparkling with indignation. "Sir Arthur, I have so often warned you of the knavery of that rascally quack, that I wonder you should quote him to me."

"But listen—listen," interrupted Sir Arthur in his turn, "it will do you no harm. In short, Dousterswivel persuaded me to witness an experiment which he made in the ruins of St Ruth—and what do you think we found?"

"Another spring of water, I suppose, of which the rogue had beforehand taken care to ascertain the situation and source."

"No, indeed—a casket of gold and silver coins—here they are."

With that, Sir Arthur drew from his pocket a large ram's-horn, with a copper cover, containing a considerable quantity of coins, chiefly silver, but with a few gold pieces intermixed. The Antiquary's

eyes glistened as he eagerly spread them out on the table.

"Upon my word—Scotch, English, and foreign coins, of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and some of them *rari—et rariores—etiam rarissimi!* Here is the bonnet-piece of James V.—the unicorn of James II.—aye, and the gold testoon of Queen Mary, with her head and the Dauphin's—And these were really found in the ruins of St Ruth?"

"Most assuredly—my eyes witnessed it."

"Well," replied Oldbuck, "but you must tell me the when—the where—the how"——

"The when," answered Sir Arthur, "was at midnight the last full moon—the where, as I have told you, in the ruins of St Ruth's priory—the how, was by a nocturnal experiment of Dousterswivel accompanied only by myself."

"Indeed!" said Oldbuck, "and what means of discovery did you employ?"

" Only a simple suffumigation," said the Baronet, " accompanied by availing ourselves of the suitable planetary hour."

" Simple suffumigation? simple nonsensification—planetary hour? planetary fiddlestick—*Sapiens dominabitur astris.*—My dear Sir Arthur, that fellow has made a gull of you above ground and under ground, and he would have made a gull of you in the air too if he had been by when you was craned up the devil's turnpike yonder at Halket-head—to be sure, the transformation would have been then peculiarly *apropos.*"

" Well, Mr Oldbuck, I am obliged to you for your indifferent opinion of my discernment; but I think you will give me credit for having seen what I *say* I saw."

" Certainly, Sir Arthur," said the Antiquary, " to this extent at least, that I know Sir Arthur Wardour will not say he saw any thing but what he *thought* he saw."

"Well then," replied the Baronet, "as there is a Heaven above us, Mr Oldbuck, I saw, with my own eyes, these coins dug out of the chancel of St Ruth at midnight—And as to Dousterswivel, though the discovery be owing to his science, yet to tell the truth, I do not think he would have had firmness of mind to have gone through with it if I had not been beside him."

"Aye! indeed?" said Oldbuck, in the tone used when one wishes to hear the end of a story before making any comment.

"Yes, truly," continued Sir Arthur, "I assure you I was upon my guard—we did hear some very uncommon sounds, that is certain, proceeding from among the ruins."

"O, you did?" said Oldbuck; "an accomplice hid among them, I suppose?"

"Not a jot," said the Baronet; "the sounds, though of a hideous and preternatural character, rather resembled those of

a man who sneezes violently than any other—one deep groan I certainly heard besides—and Dousterswivel assures me, that he beheld the spirit Peolphan, the Great Hunter of the North, (look for him in your Nicolus Remigius, or Petrus Thyracus, Mr Oldbuck,) who mimicked the motion of snuff-taking and its effects."

"These indications, however singular as proceeding from such a personage, seem to have been *apropos* to the matter," said the Antiquary; "for you see the case, which includes these coins, has all the appearance of being an old-fashioned Scottish snuff-mill. But you persevered, in spite of the terrors of this sneezing goblin?"

"Why, I think it probable that a man of inferior sense or consequence might have given way; but I was jealous of an imposture, conscious of the duty I owed to my family in maintaining my courage under every contingence, and therefore I compelled Dousterswivel, by actual and

violent threats, to proceed with what he was about to do; and, sir, the proof of his skill and honesty is this parcel of gold and silver pieces, out of which I beg you to select such coins or medals as will best suit your collection."

"Why, Sir Arthur, since you are so good, and on condition you will permit me to mark the value, according to Pinkerton's catalogue and appreciation, against your account in my red book, I will with pleasure select"——

"Nay," said Sir Arthur Wardour, "I do not mean you should consider them as any thing but a gift of friendship, and least of all would I stand by the valuation of your friend Pinkerton, who has impugned the ancient and trust-worthy authorities, upon which, as upon venerable and moss-grown pillars, the credit of Scottish antiquities reposed."

"Aye, aye," rejoined Oldbuck, "you mean, I suppose, Mair and Boece, the Jachin and Boaz, not of history, but of

falsification and forgery. And for all you have told me, I look on your friend Dousterswivel to be as apocryphal as any of them."

"Why, then, Mr Oldbuck," said Sir Arthur, "not to awaken old disputes, I suppose you think, that because I believe in the ancient history of my country, I have neither eyes nor ears to ascertain what modern events pass before me?"

"Pardon me, Sir Arthur," rejoined the Antiquary, "but I consider all the affectation of terror which this worthy gentleman, your coadjutor, chose to play off, as being merely one part of his trick or mystery. And, with respect to the gold or silver coins, they are so mixed and mingled in country and date, that I cannot suppose they could be any genuine hoard, and rather suppose them to be like the purses upon the table of Hudibras's lawyer—

——— Money placed for show,
Like nest-eggs, to make clients lay,
And for his false opinions pay.—

It is the trick of all professions, my dear Sir Arthur. Pray, may I ask you how much this discovery cost you?"

"About ten guineas."

"And you have gained what is equivalent to twenty in actual bullion, and what may be perhaps worth as much more to such fools as ourselves, who are willing to pay for curiosity. This was allowing you a tempting profit on the first hazard, I must needs admit. And what is the next venture he proposes?"

"An hundred and fifty pounds; I have given him one-third part of the money, and I thought it likely you might assist me with the balance."

"I should think that this cannot be meant as a parting blow—it is not of weight and importance sufficient; he will probably let us win this hand also, as sharpers manage a raw gamester.—Sir Arthur, I hope you believe I would serve you?"

"Certainly, Mr Oldbuck; I think my

confidence in you on these occasions leaves no room to doubt it."

"Well, then, allow me to speak to Dousterswivel. If the money can be advanced usefully and advantageously for you, why, for old neighbourhood's sake, you shall not want it; but if, as I think, I can recover the treasure for you without making such an advance, you will, I presume, have no objection?"

"Unquestionably, I can have none whatsoever."

"Then, where is Dousterswivel?" continued the Antiquary.

"To tell you the truth, he is in my carriage below; but knowing your prejudice against him"——

"I thank Heaven, I am not prejudiced against any man, Sir Arthur; it is systems, not individuals, that incur my reprobation." He rang the bell. "Jenny, Sir Arthur and I offer our compliments to Mr Dousterswivel, the gentleman in Sir

Arthur's carriage, and beg to have the pleasure of speaking with him here."

Jenny departed and delivered her message. It had been by no means a part of the project of Dousterswivel to let Mr Oldbuck into his supposed mystery. He had relied upon Sir Arthur obtaining the necessary accommodation without any discussion as to the nature of the application, and only waited below with the purpose of possessing himself of the deposit as soon as possible, for he foresaw that his career was drawing to a close. But when summoned to the presence of Sir Arthur and Mr Oldbuck, he resolved gallantly to put confidence in his powers of impudence, of which, the reader may have observed, his natural share was very liberal.

CHAPTER VIII.

> —And this Doctor,
> Your sooty smoky-bearded compeer, he
> Will close you so much gold in a bolt's head,
> And, on a turn, convey in the stead another
> With sublimed mercury, that shall burst i' the heat,
> And all fly out in *fumo*——
>
> *The Alchemist.*

"How do you do, goot Mr Oldenbuck? and I do hope your young gentleman, Captain M'Intyre, is getting better again?—Ach! it is a bat business when young gentlemens will put lead balls into each other's body."

"Lead adventures of all kinds are very precarious, Mr Dousterswivel; but I am happy to learn," continued the Antiquary, "from my friend, Sir Arthur, that you

have taken up a better trade, and become a discoverer of gold."

"Ach, Mr Oldenbuck, mine goot and honoured patron should not have told a word about dat little matter; for, though I have all the reliance—yes, indeed, on goot Mr Oldenbuck's prudence and discretion, and his great friendship for Sir Arthur Wardour—yet, my heavens! it is an great ponderous secret."

"More ponderous than any of the metal we shall make by it, I fear," answered Oldbuck.

"Dat is just as you shall have de faith and de patience for de grand experiment—If you join wid Sir Arthur, as he is put one hundred and fifty—see here is one fifty in your dirty Fairport bank-note—you put one other hundred and fifty in de dirty notes, and you shall have de pure gold and silver, I cannot tell how much."

"Nor any one for you, I believe," said the Antiquary. "But hark you, Mr Dousterswivel, suppose, without trou-

bling this same sneezing spirit with any farther fumigations, we should go in a body, and having fair day-light and our good consciences to befriend us, using no other conjuring implements than good substantial pick-axes and shovels, fairly trench the area of the chancel in the ruins of St Ruth, from one end to the other, and so ascertain the existence of this supposed treasure, without putting ourselves to any farther expence: the ruins belong to Sir Arthur himself, so there can be no objection. Do you think we shall succeed in this way of managing the matter?"

"Bah!—you will not find one copper thimble—But Sir Arthur will do his pleashure—I have shewed him how it is possible—very possible—to have de great sum of money for his occasions—I have shewed him de real experiment—If he likes not to believe, goot Mr Oldenbuck, it is nothing to Herman Dousterswivel—he only loses

de money and de gold and de silvers—that is all."

Sir Arthur Wardour cast an intimidated glance at Oldbuck, who, especially when present, held, notwithstanding their frequent difference of opinion, no ordinary influence over his sentiments. In truth, the Baronet felt what he would not willingly have acknowledged, that his genius stood rebuked before that of the Antiquary. He respected him as a shrewd, penetrating, sarcastic character, feared his satire, and had some confidence in the general soundness of his opinions. He therefore looked at him as if desiring his leave before indulging his credulity. Dousterswivel saw he was in danger of losing his dupe, unless he could make some favourable impression on the adviser.

"I know, my goot Mr. Oldenbuck, it is one vanity to speak to you about de spirit and de goblin. But look at this curious horn; I know you know de curiosity of

all de countries, and how de great Oldenburgh horn, as they keep still in de Museum at Copenhagen, was given to de Duke of Oldenburgh by one female spirit of de wood. Now I could not put one trick on you if I were willing, you who know all de curiosity so well, and dere it is de horn full of coins—if it had been a box, or case, I would have said nothing."

"Being a horn," said Oldbuck, "does indeed strengthen your argument. It was an implement of nature's fashioning, and therefore much used among rude nations, although it may be the metaphorical horn is more frequent in proportion to the progress of civilization. And this present horn," he continued, rubbing it upon his sleeve, "is a curious and venerable relique, and no doubt was intended to prove a *cornucopia*, or horn of plenty, to some one or other, but whether to the adept or his patron may be justly doubted."

"Well, Mr Oldenbuck, I find you still

hard of belief—but let me assure you, de monksh understood de *magisterium.*"

"Let us leave talking of the *magisterium*, Mr Dousterswivel, and think a little about the magistrate. Are you aware that this occupation of yours is against the law of Scotland, and that both Sir Arthur and myself are in the commission of the peace?"

"Mine Heaven! and what is dat to de purpose when I am doing you all de goot I can?"

"Why, you must know, that when the legislature abolished the cruel laws against witchcraft, they had no hope of destroying the superstitious feelings of humanity on which such chimeras had been founded, and to prevent those feelings from being tampered with by artful and designing persons, it is enacted by the *ninth* of George the Second, chap. 5. that whosoever shall pretend, by his alleged skill, in any occult or crafty science, to discover such

goods as are lost, stolen, or concealed, he shall suffer punishment by pillory and imprisonment as a common cheat and impostor."

"And is dat de laws?" asked Dousterswivel, with some agitation.

"Thyself shall see the act," replied the Antiquary.

"Den, gentlemens, I shall take my leave of you, dat is all; I do not like to stand on your what you call pillory—it is very bad way to take de air, I think; and I do not like your prisons no more, where one cannot take de air at all."

"If such be your taste, Mr Dousterswivel, I advise you to stay where you are, for I cannot let you go, unless it be in the society of a constable; and, moreover, I expect you will attend us just now to the ruins of St Ruth, and point out the place where you propose to find this treasure."

"Mine heaven! Mr Oldenbuck, what usage is this to your old friend, when I tell you so plain as I can speak, dat if you

go now, you will get not so much treasure as one poor shabby sixpence?"

"I will try the experiment, however, and you shall be dealt with according to its success,—always with Sir Arthur's permission."

Sir Arthur, during this investigation, had looked extremely embarrassed, and, to use a vulgar but expressive phrase, chop-fallen. Oldbuck's obstinate disbelief led him strongly to suspect the imposture of Dousterswivel, and the adept's mode of keeping his ground was less resolute than he had expected. Yet he did not entirely give him up.

"Mr Oldbuck," said the Baronet, "you do Mr Dousterswivel less than justice. He has undertaken to make this discovery by the use of his art, and by applying characters descriptive of the Intelligences presiding over the planetary hour in which the experiment is to be made; and you require him to proceed, under pain of punishment, without allowing him the use of any of the

preliminaries which he considers as the means of procuring success."

"I did not say that exactly—I only required him to be present when we make the search, and not to leave us during the interval. I fear he may have some intelligence with the Intelligences you talk of, and that whatever may be now hidden at Saint Ruth may disappear before we get there."

"Well, gentlemens," said Dousterswivel sullenly, "I will make no objections to go with you; but I tell you beforehand, you shall not find so much of any thing as shall be worth your going twenty yard from your own gate."

"We will put that to a fair trial," said the Antiquary; and the Baronet's equipage being ordered, Miss Wardour received an intimation from her father, that she was to remain at Monkbarns until his return from an airing. The young lady was somewhat at a loss how to reconcile this direction with the communication

which she supposed must have passed between Sir Arthur and the Antiquary, but she was compelled, for the present, to remain in a most unpleasant state of suspense.

The journey of the treasure-seekers was melancholy enough. Dousterswivel maintained a sulky silence, brooding at once over disappointed expectation and the risk of punishment; Sir Arthur, whose golden dreams had been gradually fading away, surveyed, in gloomy prospect, the impending difficulties of his situation; and Oldbuck, who perceived that his having so far interfered in his neighbour's affairs gave him a right to expect some actual and efficient assistance, sadly pondered to what extent it would be necessary to draw open the strings of his purse. Thus each being wrapped in his own unpleasant ruminations, there was hardly a word said on either side, until they reached the Four Horse-shoes, by which sign the little inn was distinguished. They procured at this

place the necessary assistance and implements for digging, and, while they were busy about these preparations, were suddenly joined by the old beggar, Edie Ochiltree.

"Aha, old true-penny!" said Oldbuck, when he had heard "The Lord bless your honour, and long life to you—weel pleased am I to hear that young Captain M'Intyre is like to be on his legs again sune—Think on your poor beadsman the day."

"Why, thou hast never come to Monkbarns since thy perils by rock and flood—here's something for thee to buy snuff,"—and, fumbling for his purse, he pulled out at the same time the horn which inclosed the coins.

"Aye, and there's something to pit it in," said the mendicant, eyeing the ram's horn—"that loom's an auld acquaintance o' mine. I could take my aith to that sneeshing-mull amang a thousand—I carried it for mony a year, till I niffered it for

thumping blustering terms of art, which, if they fail in our present service, may be useful to those who have not the happiness to be bachelors, to still their brawling children withal?"

"Mr Oldenbuck," said Dousterswivel doggedly, "I have told you already you will make no good work at all, and I will find some way of mine own to thank you for your civilities to me—yes, indeed."

"If your honours are thinking of tirling the floor," said old Edie, "and wad but tak a puir body's advice, I would begin below that muckle stane that has the man there streekit out upon his back in the midst o't."

"I have some reason for thinking favourably of that plan myself," said the Baronet.

"And I have nothing to say against it," said Oldbuck; "it was not unusual to hide treasure in the tombs of the deceased—many instances might be quoted of that from Bartholinus and others."

The tomb-stone, the same beneath which the coins had been found by Sir Arthur and the German, was once more forced aside, and the earth gave easy way to the spade.

"It's travell'd earth that," said Edie, "it houks sae eithly—I ken it weel, for ance I wrought a simmer wi' auld Will Winnett, the bedral, and howkit mair graves than ane in my day; but I left him in winter, for it was unco cauld wark; and then it came a green Yule, and the folk died thick and fast—for ye ken a green Yule makes a fat kirk-yard—and I never dowed to bide a hard turn o' wark in my life—sae aff I gaed, and left Will to delve his last dwellings by himsel for Edie."

The diggers were now so far advanced in their labours as to discover that the sides of the grave which they were clearing out had been originally secured by four walls of freestone, forming a paral-

lellogram, for the reception, probably, of the coffin.

"It is worth while proceeding in our labours," said the Antiquary to Sir Arthur, "were it but for curiosity's sake. I wonder on whose sepulchre they have bestowed such uncommon pains."

"The arms on the shield," said Sir Arthur, and sighed as he spoke it, "are the same with those on Misticot's tower, supposed to have been built by Malcolm the usurper. No man knew where he was buried, and there is an old prophecy in our family, that bodes us no good when his grave shall be discovered."

"I wot," said the beggar, "I have often heard that when I was a bairn,

"If Malcolm the Misticot's grave were fun',
The lands of Knockwinnock are lost and won."

Oldbuck, with his spectacles on his nose, had already knelt down on the monument, and was tracing, partly with

his eye, partly with his finger, the mouldered devices upon the effigy of the deceased warrior. "It is the Knockwinnock arms sure enough," he exclaimed, "quarterly with the coat of Wardour."

"Richard, called the Red-handed Wardour, married Sybil Knockwinnock, the heiress of the Saxon family, and by that alliance," said Sir Arthur, "brought the castle and estate into the name of Wardour, in the year of God 1150."

"Very true, Sir Arthur, and here is the baton-sinister, the mark of illegitimacy, extended diagonally through both coats upon the shield. Where can our eyes have been, that they did not see this curious monument before?"

"Na, whare was the through-stane, that it didna come before our een till e'now?" said Ochiltree; "for I hae ken'd this auld kirk, man and bairn, for saxty lang years, and I ne'er noticed it afore, and it's nae sic mote neither but what ane might see it in their parritch."

All were now induced to tax their memory as to the former state of the ruins in that corner of the chancel, and all agreed in recollecting a considerable pile of rubbish which must have been removed and spread abroad in order to make the tomb visible. Sir Arthur might, indeed, have remembered seeing the monument on the former occasion, but his mind was too much agitated to attend to the circumstance as a novelty.

While the assistants were engaged in these recollections and discussions, the workmen proceeded with their labour. They had already dug to the depth of nearly five feet, and as the flinging out the soil became more and more difficult, they began at length to tire of the job.

"We're down to the till now," said one of them, "and the ne'er a coffin or ony thing else is here—some cunninger chiel's been afore us, I reckon;" and the labourer scrambled out of the grave.

"Hout, lad," said Edie, getting down

in his room, "let me try my hand for an auld bedral—ye're gude seekers but ill finders."

So soon as he got into the grave he struck his pike-staff forcibly down—it encountered resistance in its descent, and the beggar exclaimed, like a Scotch schoolboy when he finds any thing, "Nae halvers and quarters—hale o' mine ain and nane o' my neighbours."

Every body, from the dejected Baronet to the sullen adept, now caught the spirit of curiosity, crowded round the grave, and would have jumped into it could its space have contained them. The labourers, who had begun to flag in their monotonous and apparently hopeless task, now resumed their tools, and plied them with all the ardour of expectation. Their shovels soon grated upon a hard wooden surface, which, as the earth was cleared away, assumed the distinct form of a chest, but greatly smaller than a coffin. Now all hands were at work to heave it out of the

grave, and all voices, as it was raised, proclaimed its weight and augured its value. They were not mistaken.

When the chest or box was placed on the surface, and the lid forced up by a pick-axe, there was displayed first a coarse canvas cover, then a quantity of oakum, and beneath that a quantity of ingots of silver. A general exclamation hailed a discovery so surprising and unexpected. The Baronet threw his hands and eyes up to Heaven, with the silent rapture of one who is delivered from inexpressible distress of mind. Oldbuck, almost unable to credit his eyes, lifted one piece of silver after another. There was neither inscription nor stamp upon them, excepting one, which seemed to be Spanish. He could have no doubt of the purity and great value of the treasure before him. Still, however, removing piece by piece, he examined row by row, expecting to discover that the lower layers were of inferior value; but he could perceive no difference in this respect, and

found himself compelled to admit, that Sir Arthur had possessed himself of bullion to the value perhaps of a thousand pounds sterling. Sir Arthur now promised the assistants a handsome recompense for their trouble, and began to busy himself about the mode of conveying this rich windfal to the Castle of Knockwinnock, when the adept, recovering from his surprise, which had equalled that exhibited by any other individual of the party, twitched his sleeve, and having offered his humble congratulations, turned next to Oldbuck with an air of triumph.

"I did tell you, my goot friend, Mr Oldenbuck, dat I was to seek opportunity to thank you for your civility; now do you not think I have found out vary goot way to return thank?"

"Why, Mr Dousterswivel, do you pretend to have had any hand in our good success?—You forget you refused us all aid of your science, man. And you are here without your weapons that should have fought

the battle which you pretend to have gained in our behalf. You have used neither charm, lamen, sigil, talisman, spell, chrystal, pentacle, magic mirror, or geomantic figure. Where be your periapts, and your abracadabras, man? your May-fearn, your vervain,

"Your toad, your crow, your dragon, and your panther,
Your sun, your moon, your firmament, your adrop,
Your Lato, Azoch, Zernich, Chibrit, Heautarit,
With all your broths, your menstrues, your materials,
Would burst a man to name?"——

Ah! rare Ben Jonson! long peace to thy ashes for a scourge of the quacks of thy day!—who looked to see them revive in our own?"

The answer of the adept to the Antiquary's tirade we must defer to our next chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

Clause. You now shall know the king o' the beggars' treasure:—
Yes—ere to-morrow you shall find your harbour
Here,—*fail me not, for if I live I'll fit you.*

The Beggar's Bush.

The German, determined, it would seem, to assert the vantage-ground on which the discovery had placed him, replied with great pomp and stateliness to the attack of the Antiquary: "Maister Oldenbuck, all dis may be very witty and comedy, but I have nothing to say—nothing at all—to people dat will not believe deir own eye-sights. It is vary true dat I ave not any of de things of de art, and it makes de more wonder what I has done dis day.—But I would ask of you, mine honoured and goot and generous

patron, to put your hand into your right-hand waistcoat pocket, and shew me what you shall find dère."

Sir Arthur obeyed his direction, and pulled out the small plate of silver which he had used under the adept's auspices upon the former occasion. "It is very true," said Sir Arthur, looking gravely at the Antiquary, "this is the graduated and calculated sigil by which Mr Dousterswivel and I regulated our first discovery."

"Pshaw! pshaw! my dear friend," said Oldbuck, "you are too wise to believe in the influence of a trumpery crown-piece, beat out thin, and a parcel of scratches upon it. I tell thee, Sir Arthur, that if Dousterswivel had known where to get this treasure himself, you would not have been lord of the least share of it."

"In troth, please your honour," said Edie, who put in his word on all occasions, "I think, since Mr Dunkerswivel has had sae muckle merit in discovering a' the gear, the least ye can do is to gie him that

o't that's left behint for his labour, for doubtless he that ken'd where to find sae muckle will hae nae difficulty to find mair."

Dousterswivel's brow grew very dark at this proposal of leaving him to his "ain purchase," as Ochiltree expressed it; but the beggar, drawing him aside, whispered a word or two in his ear, to which he seemed to give serious attention.

Meanwhile, Sir Arthur, his heart warm with his good fortune, said aloud, "Never mind our friend Monkbarns, Mr Dousterswivel, but come to the castle to-morrow, and I'll convince you that I am not ungrateful for the hints you have given me about this matter, and the fifty Fairport dirty notes, as you call them, are heartily at your service. Come, my lads, get the cover of this precious chest fastened up again."

But the cover had in the confusion fallen aside among the rubbish, or the loose earth which had been removed from

the grave—in short, it was not to be seen.

"Never mind, my good lads, tie the tarpaulin over it, and get it away to the carriage. Monkbarns, will you walk?—I must go back your way to take up Miss Wardour."

"And, I hope, to take up your dinner also, Sir Arthur, and drink a glass of wine for joy of our happy adventure. Besides you should write about the business to the Exchequer, in case of any interference on the part of the crown. It will be easy to get a deed of gift should they make any claim—we must talk about it though."

"And I particularly recommend silence to all who are present," said Sir Arthur, looking round. All bowed and professed themselves dumb.

"Why, as to that," said Monkbarns, "recommending secrecy where a dozen of people are acquainted with the circumstance to be concealed, is only putting the truth in masquerade, for the story

will be circulated under twenty different shapes. But never mind, we will state the true one to the Barons, and that is all that is necessary."

"I incline to send off an express to-night," said the Baronet.

"I can recommend your honour to a sure hand," said Ochiltree; "little Davie Mailsetter and the butcher's reisting powney."

"We will talk over the matter as we go to Monkbarns," said Sir Arthur. "My lads (to the work people) come with me to the Four Horse-shoes, that I may take down all your names. Dousterswivel, I won't ask you to go down to Monkbarns, as the laird and you differ so widely in opinion; but do not fail to come to see me to-morrow."

Dousterswivel growled out an answer in which the words, "duty,"—"mine honoured patron,"—and "wait upon Sir Arthurs,"—were alone distinguishable; and after the Baronet and his friend had left

the ruins, followed by the servants and workmen, who, in hope of reward and whisky, joyfully attended their leader, the adept remained in a brown study by the side of the open grave.

"Who was it as could have thought this?" he ejaculated unconsciously. "Mine heiligkeit! I have hear of such things, and often spoken of such things—but, sapperment! I never thought to see them! And if I had gone but two or dree feet deeper down in the earth—mein himmel! it had been all mine own—so much more as I have been muddling about to get from this fool's man."

Here the German ceased his soliloquy, for, raising his eyes, he encountered those of Edie Ochiltree, who had not followed the rest of the company, but, resting as usual on his pike-staff, had planted himself on the other side of the grave. The features of the old man, naturally shrewd and expressive almost to an appearance of knavery, seemed in this instance so keen-

ly knowing, that even the assurance of Dousterswivel, though a professed adventurer, sunk beneath their expression. But he saw the necessity of an eclaircissement, and, rallying his spirits, instantly began to sound the mendicant on the occurrences of the day. "Goot Maister Edies Ochiltrees"——

"Edie Ochiltree, nae maister—your puir bedesman and the king's," answered the Blue-gown.

"Awell den, goot Edie, what do you think of all dis?"

"I was just thinking it was very kind (for I darena say very simple) o' your honour to gie thae twa rich gentles, wha hae lands and lairdships, and siller without end, this grand pose o' silver and treasure, (three times tried in the fire, as the Scripture expresses it,) that might hae made yoursel and ony twa or three honest bodies beside, as happy and content as the day was lang."

"Indeed, Edie, mine honest friends, dat

is very true, only I did not know, that is, I was not sure, where to find de gelt myself."

"What! was it not by your honour's advice and council that Monkbarns and the knight of Knockwinnock came here, then?"

"Aha—yes—but it was by another circumstance; I did not know dat they would have found de treasure, mein friend; though I did guess, by such a tintamarre, and cough, and sneeze, and groan, among de spirit one other night here, dat there might be treasure and bullion hereabout. Ach, mein himmel! the spirit will hone and groan over his golt, as if he were a Dutch burgomaster counting his dollars after a great dinner at the Stadt-haus."

"And do you really believe the like o' that, Mr Dusterdevil?—a skeelfu' man like you—hout fie!"

"Mein friend, I believed it no more than you and no man at all, till I did hear them hone and moan and groan myself on

de other night, and till I did this day see de cause, which was an great chest all full of de pure silver from Mexico—and what would you ave me think den?"

"And what would you give to any one that would help you to such another kist-fu' o' silver?"

"Give?—mein himmel!—one great big quarter of it."

"Now, if the secret were mine," said the mendicant, "I wad stand out for a half; for you see, though I am but a puir ragged body, and couldna carry silver or gowd to sell for fear o' being ta'en up, yet I could find mony folk would pass it awa' for me at unco easier profit than ye're thinking on."

"Ach, himmel!—Mein goot friend, what was it I said?—I did mean to say you should have de tree quarter for your half, and the one-quarter to be my fair half."

"No, no, Mr Dusterdevil, we will divide equally what we find like brother

and brother. Now look at this board that I just flung into the dark aisle out o' the way, while Monkbarns was glowering ower a' the silver yonder. He's a sharp chiel Monkbarns. I was glad to keep the like o' this out o' his sight. Ye'll maybe can read the character better than me—I am nae that book-learned, at least I'm no that muckle in practice."

With this modest declaration of ignorance, Ochiltree brought forth from behind a pillar the cover of the box or chest of treasure, which, when forced from its hinges, had been carelessly flung aside during the ardour of curiosity to ascertain the contents which it concealed, and had been afterwards, as it seems, secreted by the mendicant. There was a word and a number upon the plank, and the beggar made them more distinct by spitting upon his ragged blue handkerchief, and rubbing off the clay by which the inscription was obscured. It was in the ordinary black letter.

"Can ye mak ought o't?" said Edie to the adept.

"S," said the philosopher, like a child getting his lesson in the primer; "S, T, A, R, C, H,—*Starch*—dat is what de women-washers put into de neckerchers, and de shirt collar."

"Starch!" echoed Ochiltree; "na, na, Mr Dusterdivel, ye are mair of a conjuror than a clerk—its *search*, man, *search*—See there's the *Ye* clear and distinct."

"Aha!—I see it now—it is *search—number one*. Mein himmel, then there must be a *number two*, mein goot friend; for *search* is what you call to seek and dig, and this is but *number one!*—Mine wort, there is one great big prize in de wheel for us, goot Maister Ochiltree."

"Aweel, it maybe sae—but we canna howk for't enow—we hae nae shools, for they hae ta'en them a' awa—and it's like some o' them will be sent back to fling the earth into the hole, and mak a' things trig again. But an ye'll sit down wi' me

a while in the wood, I'se satisfy your honour that ye hae just lighted on the only man in the country that could hae tauld about Malcolm Misticot and his hidden treasure—But first we'll rub out the letters on this board for fear it tell tales."

And, by the assistance of his knife, the beggar erased and defaced the characters so as to make them quite unintelligible, and then daubed the board with clay so as to obliterate all traces of the erasure.

Dousterswivel stared at him in ambiguous silence. There was an intelligence and alacrity about all the old man's movements which indicated a person that could not be easily overreached, and yet (for even rogues acknowledge in some degree the spirit of precedence,) our adept felt the disgrace of playing a secondary part, and dividing winnings with so mean an associate. His appetite for gain, however, was sufficiently sharp to overpower his offended pride, and though far more an impostor than a dupe, he was not without a certain

degree of personal faith even in the gross superstitions by means of which he imposed upon others. Still, being accustomed to act as a leader on such occasions, he felt humiliated at feeling himself in the situation of a vulture marshalled to his prey by a carrion-crow. Let me, however, hear his story to an end, thought Dousterswivel, and it will be hard if I do not make mine account in it better, as Maister Edie Ochiltrees makes proposes.

The adept, thus transformed into a pupil from a teacher of the mystic art, followed Ochiltree in passive acquiescence to the Prior's Oak—a spot, as the reader may remember, at a short distance from the ruins, where the German sat down, and in silence waited the old man's communication.

"Maister Dustandsnivel," said the narrator, "it's an unco while since I heard this business treated anent—for the lairds of Knockwinnock, neither Sir Arthur, nor

his father, nor his grandfather, and I mind a wee bit about them a', liked to hear it spoken about—nor they dinna like it yet—but nae matter, ye may be sure it was clattered about in the kitchen, like ony thing else in a great house, though it were forbidden in the ha'—and sae I hae heard the circumstance rehearsed by auld servants in the family, and in thir present days, when things o' that auld warld sort are na keepit in mind round winter firesides as they used to be, I question if there's ony body in the country can tell the tale but mysel—aye, out-taken the laird himsel, for there's a parchment book about it, as I have heard, in the charter-room at Knockwinnock Castle."

"Well, all dat is vary well—but get you on with your stories, mine goot friend," said Dousterswivel.

"A weel, ye see," continued the mendicant, "this was a job in the auld times o' rugging and riving through the hail country, when it was ilka ane for himsel,

and God for us a', when nae man wanted property if he had strength to take it, or had it langer than he had power to keep it. It was just he ower her, and she ower him, which ever could win upmost, a' through the east country here, and nae doubt through the rest o' Scotland in the self and same manner.

"Sae in these days Sir Richard Wardour came into the land, and that was the first o' the name ever was in this country. —There's been mony o' them sin' syne; and the maist, like him they ca'd Hell in harness, and the rest o' them, are sleeping down in yon ruins. They were a proud dour set o' men, but unco brave, and aye stood up for the weel o' the country, God sain them a'—there's no muckle popery in that wish. They ca'd them the Norman Wardours, though they came frae the south to this country—So this Sir Richard, that they ca'd Red-hand, drew up wi' the auld Knockwinnock o' that day, for then they were Knockwinnocks of that ilk, and

wad fain marry his only daughter that was to have the castle and the land. Laith, laith was the lass—(Sybil Knock-winnock they ca'd her, that tauld me the tale,) laith, laith was she to gae into the match, for she had fa'en a wee ower thick wi' a cousin o' her ain that her father had some ill-will to, and sae it was, that after she had been married to Sir Richard jimp four months,—for marry him she maun it's like,—ye'll no hinder her gi'eing them a present o' a bonny knave bairn. Then there was siccan a ca' thro', as the like was never seen; and she's be burnt, and he's be slain, was the best words o' their mouths. But it was a' sowdered up again some gait, and the bairn was sent awa' and bred up near the Highlands, and grew up to be a fine wanle fallow, like mony ane that comes o' the wrang side o' the blan-ket; and Sir Richard wi' the Red-hand, he had a fair offspring o' his ain, and a' was lound and quiet till his head was laid in the ground. But then down came Mal-

colm Misticot—(Sir Arthur says it should be *Misbegot*, but they aye ca'd him Misticot that spoke o't lang syne,) down came this Malcolm, the love-begot, wi' a string o' lang-legged Highlanders at his heels, that's aye ready for ony body's mischief, and he threeps the castle and lands are his ain as his mother's eldest son, and turns a' the Wardours out to the hill. There was a sort of fighting and blude-spilling about it, for the gentles took different sides, but Malcolm had the uppermost for a lang time, and keepit the castle of Knockwinnock and strengthened it, and built that muckle tower, that they ca' Misticot's tower to this day."

"Mine goot friend, old Mr Edie Ochiltree," interrupted the German, "this all as one like de long histories of a baron of sixteen quarters in mine countries, but I would as rather hear of de silver and gold."

"Why, ye see this Malcolm was weel helped by an uncle, a brother o' his fa-

ther's, that was prior o' St Ruth here, and muckle treasure they gathered between them, to secure the succession of their house in the lands of Knockwinnock—Folk said, that the monks in thae days had the art of multiplying metals—at ony rate they were very rich. At last it came to this, that the young Wardour, that was Red-hand's son, challenged Misticot to fight with him in the lists as they ca'd them—that's no lists or tailor's runds and selvedges o' claith, but a paling thing they set up for them to fight in like game-cocks. Aweel, Misticot was beaten, and at his brother's mercy—but he wadna touch his life for the blood of Knockwinnock that was in baith their veins: so Malcolm was compelled to turn a monk, and he died soon after in the priory of pure despite and vexation. Naebody ever kend whare his uncle the prior earded him, or what he did wi' his gowd and silver, for he stood on the right o' halie kirk, and wad gie nae account to ony body.

But the prophecy gat abread in the country, that whenever Misticot's grave was fund out, the estate of Knockwinnock should be lost and won."

"Ach, mine goot old friend, Maister Edie, and dat is not so very unlikely, if Sir Arthurs will quarrel wid his goot friends to please Mr Oldenbuck—And so you do tink dat dis golds and silvers belonged to goot Mr Malcolm Mishdigoat?"

"Troth do I, Mr Dousterdevil."

"And you do believe dat dere is more of dat sorts behind?"

"By my certie do I—How can it be otherwise—*Search—No. I.*—that is as much as to say, search and ye'll find number twa—besides, yon kist is only silver, and I aye heard that Misticot's pose had muckle yellow gowd in't."

"Den, mine goot friends," said the adept, jumping up hastily, "why do we not set about our little job directly?"

"For twa gude reasons," answered the

beggar, who quietly kept his sitting posture; "first, because, as I said before, we have naething to dig wi', for they hae ta'en awa' the picks and shools; and, secondly, because there will be a wheen idle gowks coming to stare at the hole as lang as it is day-light, and maybe the laird may send somebody to fill it up—and ony way we wad be catched. But if you will meet me on this place at twal o'clock wi' a dark lanthorn, I'll hae tools ready, and we'll gang quietly about our job our twa sells, and naebody the wiser for't."

"Be—be—but mine goot friend," said Dousterswivel, from whose recollection his former nocturnal adventure was not to be altogether erased, even by the splendid hopes which Edie's narrative held forth, "it is not so goot or so safe to be about goot Maister Mishdigoat's grave at dat time of night—you have forgot how I told de spirits did hone and moan dere. I do assure you, dere is disturbance dere."

"If ye're afraid of ghaists," answered the mendicant coolly, "I'll do the job mysel, and bring your share o' the siller to ony place ye like to appoint."

"No—no—mine excellent old Mr Edie,—too much trouble for you—I will not have dat—I will come myself—and it will be bettermost; for, mine old friend; it was I, Herman Dousterswivel, discovered Maister Mishdigoat's grave when I was looking for a place as to put away some little trumpery coins, just to play one little trick on my dear friend Sir Arthur, for a little sport and pleasures—yes, I did take some what you call rubbish, and did discover Maister Mishdigoat's own monumentsh—It is like dat he meant I should be his heirs—so it would not be civility in me not to come mineself for mine inheritance."

"At twelve o'clock, then," said the mendicant, "we meet under this tree—I'll watch for a while and see that naebody meddles wi' the grave—it's only saying

the lairds forbade it—then get my bit supper frae Ringan the poinder up by, and leave to sleep in his barn, and I'll slip out at night and ne'er be mist."

"Do so, mine goot Maister Edie, and I will meet you here on this very place, though all de spirits should moan and sneeze deir very brains out."

So saying, he shook hands with the old man, and, with this mutual pledge of fidelity to their appointment, they separated for the present.

CHAPTER X.

——— See thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; angels imprisoned
Set thou at liberty———
Bell, book, and candle, shall not drive me back,
If gold and silver beckon to come on———

King John.

The night set in stormy, with wind and occasional showers of rain. "Eh sirs," said the old mendicant, as he took his place on the sheltered side of the large oak-tree to wait for his associate—"Eh sirs, but human nature's a wilful and a wilyard thing!—is it not an unco lucre o' gain wad bring this Dusterdivel out in a blast o' wind like this, at twal o'clock at night, to thir wild gousty wa's?—and am na I a bigger fule than himsel to bide here waiting for him?"

Having made these sage reflections, he

wrapped himself close in his cloak, and fixed his eye on the moon as she waded amid the stormy and dusky clouds, which the wind from time to time drove across her surface. The melancholy and uncertain gleams that she shot from between the passing shadows fell full upon the rifted arches and the shafted windows of the old building, which were thus for an instant made distinctly visible in their ruinous state, and anon became again a dark, undistinguished, and shadowy mass. The little lake had its share of these transient beams of light, and shewed its waters broken, whitened, and agitated under the passing storm, which, when the clouds passed over the moon, were only distinguished by their sullen and murmuring plash against the beach. The wooded glen repeated to every successive gust that hurried through its narrow trough, the deep and various groan with which the trees replied to the whirlwind, and the sound sunk again, as the blast passed away,

into a faint and passing murmur, resembling the sighs of an exhausted criminal after the first pangs of his torture are over. In these sounds, superstition might have found ample gratification for that state of excited terror which she fears and yet loves. But such feelings made no part of Ochiltree's composition. His mind wandered back to the scenes of his youth.

"I have kept guard on the outposts baith in Germany and America," he said to himself, "in mony a waur night than this, and when I kend there was maybe a dozen o' their riflemen in the thicket before me. But I was aye gleg at my duty —naebody ever catched Edie sleeping."

As he muttered thus to himself, he instinctively shouldered his trusty pike-staff, assumed the port of a sentinel on duty, and as a step advanced towards the tree, called, with a tone assorting better with his military reminiscences than his present state—"Stand—who goes there?"

"De devil, goot Edie," answered Dousterswivel, "why does you speak so loud as a baarenhauter, or what you call a factionary—I mean a sentinel?"

"Just because I thought I was a sentinel at that moment—Here's an awsome night—hae ye brought the lanthorn and a pock for the siller?"

"Aye—aye—mine goot friend, here it is—my pair of what you call saddle-bag—one side will be for you, one side for me—I will put dem on my horse to save you de trouble as you are old man."

"Have you a horse here, then?"

"O yes, mine friend, tied yonder by de stile."

"Weel, I hae just ae word to the bargain—there sall nane o' my gear gang on your beast's back."

"What was it as you would be afraid of?"

"Only of losing sight of horse, man, and money."

"Does you know dat you make one gentlemans out to be one great rogue?"

"Mony gentlemen," replied Ochiltree, "can make that out for themselves—but what's the sense of quarrelling?—if ye want to gang on, gang on—if not, I'll gae back to the gude ait-straw in Ringan Aikwood's barn that I left wi' right ill-will enow, and I'll pit back the pick and shool whar I got them."

Dousterswivel deliberated a moment, whether, by suffering Edie to depart, he might not secure the whole of the expected wealth for his own exclusive use. But the want of digging implements, the uncertainty whether, if he had them, he could clear out the grave to a sufficient depth without assistance, and, above all, the reluctance which he felt, owing to the experience of the former night, to venture alone on the terrors of Misticot's grave, satisfied him the attempt would be hazardous. Endeavouring, therefore, to assume his usual cajoling tone, though internally

incensed, he begged " his goot friend, Maister Edie Ochiltree, would lead the way, and assured him of his acquiescence in all such an excellent friend could propose."

" Aweel, aweel then," said Edie, " take gude care o' your feet amang the lang grass and the loose stanes—I wish we may get the light keepit in neist wi' this fearsome wind—but there's a blink o' moonlight at times."

Thus saying, old Edie, closely accompanied by the adept, led the way toward the ruins, but presently made a full halt in front of them. " Ye're a learned man, Mr Dusterdivel, and ken muckle o' the marvellous works o' nature—now will ye tell me ae thing?—D'ye believe in ghaists and spirits that walk the earth?—aye, or no?"

" Now, goot Mr Edie, is this a times or a places for such a question?"

" Indeed is it, baith the tane and the tother, Mr Dustanshovel; for I maun fairly tell ye, there's reports that auld Misti-

cot walks. Now this wad be an uncanny night to meet him in, and wha kens if he wad be ower weel pleased wi' our purpose of visiting his pose?"

"*Alle guter geister*"—muttered the adept, the rest of the conjuration being lost in a tremulous warble of his voice,—"I do desires you not to speak so, Mr Edie, for, from all I heard dat one other night, I do much believes"——

"Now I," said Ochiltree, entering the chancel, and flinging abroad his arm with an air of defiance, "I wadna gie the crack o' my thumb for him were he to appear at this moment—he's but a disembodied spirit as we are embodied anes."

"For the lofe of heavens," said Dousterswivel, "say nothing at all neither about somebodies or nobodies!"

"Aweel," said the beggar, (expanding the shade of the lanthorn,) "here's the stane, and, spirit or no spirit, I'se be a wee bit deeper in the grave"—and he jumped into the place from which the precious

chest had that morning been removed. After striking a few strokes, he tired, or affected to tire, and said to his companion, "I'm auld and failed now, and canna keep at it—Time about's fair play, neighbour—ye maun get in and tak the shool a bit, and shool out the loose earth, and then I'll tak turn about wi' you."

Dousterswivel accordingly took the place which the beggar evacuated, and toiled with all the zeal that awakened avarice, mingled with the anxious wish to finish the undertaking and leave the place as soon as possible, could inspire in a mind at once greedy, suspicious, and timorous.

Edie, standing much at his ease by the side of the hole, contented himself with exhorting his associate to labour hard. "My certie! few ever wrought for siccan a day's wage; an it be but—say the tenth part o' the size o' the kist No. I., it will double its value, being filled wi' gowd instead o' silver.—Odd, ye work as if ye had been bred to pick and shool—ye could win

your round half-crown ilka day. Tak care o' your taes wi' that stane!" giving a kick to a large one which the adept had heaved out with difficulty, and which Edie pushed back again, to the great annoyance of his shins.

Thus exhorted by the mendicant, Dousterswivel struggled and laboured among the stones and stiff clay, toiling like a horse, and internally blaspheming in German. When such an unhallowed syllable escaped his lips, Edie changed his battery upon him.

" O dinna swear, dinna swear!—wha kens wha's listening?—Eh! gude guide us, what's yon!—Hout, it's just a branch [illegible]v flightering awa frae the wa'; when the moon was in, it lookit unco like a dead man's arm wi' a taper in't; I thought it was Misticot himsel. But never mind, work you away—fling the earth weel up bye out o' the gate—odd, if ye're no as clean a worker at a grave as Will Winnett

himsel! What gars ye stop now?—ye're just at the very bit for a chance."

"Stop!" said the German in a tone of anger and disappointment, "why, I am down at de rocks dat de cursed ruins (God forgife me!) is founded upon."

"Weel," said the beggar, "that's the likeliest bit of ony—it will be but a muckle trough-stane laid doun to kiver the gowd; tak the pick till't, and pit mair strength, man—ae gude downright devel will split it, I'se warrant ye—Aye, that will do—Odd, he comes on wi' Wallace's straiks!"

In fact, the adept, moved by Edie's exhortations, fetched two or three desperate blows, and succeeded in breaking, not indeed that against which he struck, which, as he had already conjectured, was the solid rock, but the implement which he wielded, jarring at the same time his arms up to the shoulder-blades.

"Hurra, boys!—there goes Ringan's pick-axe!" cried Edie; "it's a shame o'

the Fairport folk to sell siccan frail gear. Try the shool—at it again, Mr Dusterdivel."

The adept, without reply, scrambled out of the pit, which was now about six feet deep, and addressed his associate in a voice that trembled with anger. "Does you know, Maister Edies Ochiltrees, who it is you put off your gibes and your gests upon?"

"Brawly, Mr Dusterdivel—brawly do I ken ye, and has done mony a day; but there's nae jesting in the case, for I am wearying to see a' our treasures; we should hae had baith ends o' the pockmanky filled by this time—I hope it's bowk aneugh to haud a' the gear."

"Look you, you base old person, if you do put another jest upon me, I will cleave your skull-piece with this shovels!"

"And whare wad my hands and my pike-staff be a' the time?—Hout, tout, Maister Dusterdivel, I hae na lived sae lang in the warld neither to be shooled

out o't that gate. What ails ye to be cankered, man, wi' your friends? I'll wager I'll find out the treasure in a minute;" and he jumped into the pit and took up the spade.

" I do swear to you," said the adept, whose suspicions were now fully awake, " that if you have played me one big trick, I will give you one big beating, Mr Edies."

" Hear till him now," said Ochiltree; " he kens how to gar folk find out the gear—Odd, I'm thinking he's been drilled that way himsel some day."

At this insinuation, which alluded obviously to the former scene betwixt himself and Sir Arthur, the philosopher lost the slender remnant of patience he had left, and being of violent passions, heaved up the truncheon of the broken mattock to discharge it upon the old man's head. The blow would in all probability have been fatal, had not he at whom it was aimed exclaimed in a stern and firm voice,

"Shame to ye, man!—Do ye think Heaven or earth will suffer ye to murder an auld man that might be your father?—Look behind you, man."

Dousterswivel turned instinctively, and beheld, to his utter astonishment, a tall dark figure standing close behind him. The apparition gave him no time to proceed by exorcism or otherwise, but, having instantly recourse to the *voie de fait*, took measure of the adept's shoulders three or four times with blows so substantial, that he fell under the weight of them, and remained senseless for some minutes between fear and stupefaction. When he came to himself, he was alone in the ruined chancel, lying upon the soft and damp earth which had been thrown out of Misticot's grave. He raised himself with a confused sensation of anger, pain, and terror, and it was not until he had sat upright for some minutes that he could arrange his ideas sufficiently to recollect how he came there, or with what purpose. As his recol-

lection returned, he could have little doubt that the bait held out to him by Ochiltree to bring him in that solitary spot, the sarcasms by which he had provoked him into a quarrel, a ready assistance which he had at hand for terminating it in the manner in which it had ended, were all parts of a concerted plan to bring disgrace and damage on Herman Dousterswivel. He could hardly suppose that he was indebted for the fatigue anxiety, and beating which he had undergone, purely to the malice of Edie Ochiltree singly but concluded that the mendicant had acted part assigned to him by some person greater importance. His suspicions hesitated between Oldbuck and Sir Arthur Wardour. The former had been at pains to conceal a marked dislike of him —but the latter he had deeply injured; and although he judged that Sir Arthur did not know the extent of his wrongs towards him, yet it was easy to suppose he had gathered enough of the truth to make

him desirous of revenge. Ochiltree had alluded to at least one circumstance which the adept had every reason to suppose was private between Sir Arthur and himself, and therefore must have been learned from the former. The language of Oldbuck also intimated a conviction of his knavery, which Sir Arthur heard without making any animated defence. Lastly, the way in which Dousterswivel supposed the baronet to have exercised his revenge, was not inconsistent with the practice of other countries with which the adept was better acquainted than with those of North Britain. With him, as with many bad men, to suspect an injury, and to nourish the purpose of revenge, was one and the same movement. And before Dousterswivel had fairly recovered his legs, he had mentally sworn the ruin of his benefactor, which, unfortunately, he possessed too much the power of accelerating.

But although a purpose of revenge floated through his brain, it was no time to in-

dulge such speculations. The hour, the place, his own situation, and perhaps the presence or near neighbourhood of his assailants, made self-preservation the adept's first object. The lanthorn had been thrown down and extinguished in the scuffle. The wind, which formerly howled so loudly through the aisles of the ruin, had now greatly fallen, lulled by the rain, which was descending very fast. The moon, from the same cause, was totally obscured, and though Dousterswivel had some experience of the ruins, and knew that he must endeavour to regain the eastern door of the chancel, yet the confusion of his ideas was such, that he hesitated for some time ere he could ascertain in what direction he was to seek it. In this perplexity, the suggestions of superstition taking the advantage of darkness and his evil conscience, began again to present themselves to his disturbed imagination. "But bah!" quoth he valiantly to himself, "it is all nonsense—all one part of de damn big

trick and imposture. Deivil! that one thick-sculled Scotch baronet, as I have led by the nose for five year, should cheat Herman Dousterswivel!"

As he had come to this conclusion, an incident occurred which tended greatly to shake the grounds on which he had adopted it. Amid the melancholy *sough* of the dying wind, and the plash of the rain-drops on leaves and stones, arose, and apparently at no great distance from the listener, a strain of vocal music so sad and solemn, as if the departed spirits of the churchmen who had once inhabited these deserted ruins, were mourning the solitude and desolation to which their hallowed precincts had been abandoned. Dousterswivel, who had now got upon his feet, and was groping around the wall of the chancel, stood rooted to the ground on the occurrence of this new phenomenon. Each faculty of his soul seemed for the moment concentered in the sense of hearing, and all rushed back with the unanimous in-

formation, that the deep, wild, and prolonged chaunt which he now heard, was the appropriate music of one of the most solemn dirges of the church of Rome. Why performed in such a solitude, and by what class of choristers, were questions which the terrified imagination of the adept, stirred with all the German superstitions of nixies, oak-kings, were-wolves, hobgoblins, black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey, durst not even attempt to solve.

Another of his senses was soon engaged in the investigation. At the extremity of one of the transepts of the church, at the bottom of a few descending steps, was a small iron-grated door, opening, as far as he recollected, to a sort of low vault or sacristy. As he cast his eye in the direction of the sound, he observed a strong reflection of red light glimmering through these bars, and against the steps which descended to them. Dousterswivel stood a moment uncertain what to do; then, suddenly forming a desperate resolution, he

moved down the aisle to the place from which the light proceeded.

Fortified with the sign of the cross, and as many exorcisms as his memory could recover, he advanced to the grate, from which, unseen, he could see what passed in the interior of the vault. As he approached with timid and uncertain steps, the chaunt, after one or two wild and prolonged cadences, died away into profound silence. The grate, when he reached it, presented a singular spectacle in the interior of the sacristy—An open grave, with four tall flambeaus, each about six feet high, placed at the four corners—a bier, having a corpse in its shroud, the arms folded upon the breast, rested upon tressels at one side of the grave, as if ready to be interred—A priest, dressed in his cope and stole, held open the service-book—another churchman in his vestments bore a holy-water sprinkler—and two boys in white surplices held censors with incense—a man, of a figure once tall and commanding, but now bent with age or in-

firmity, stood alone and nearest to the coffin, attired in deep mourning—Such were the most prominent figures of the group. At a little distance, were two or three persons of both sexes, dressed in long mourning hoods and cloaks; and five or six others in the same lugubrious dress, still farther removed from the body, around the walls of the vault, stood ranged in motionless order, each bearing in his hand a huge torch of black wax. The smoky light from so many flambeaus, by the red and indistinct atmosphere which it spread around, gave a hazy, dubious, and, as it were, phantom-like appearance to the outlines of this singular apparition. The voice of the priest—loud, clear, and sonorous, now recited from the breviary which he held in his hand, those solemn words which the ritual of the Catholic church has consecrated to the rendering of dust to dust. Meanwhile, Dousterswivel, the place, the hour, and the surprise considered, still remained uncertain, whether what he saw was substantial, or

an unearthly representation of the rites, to which, in former times, these walls were familiar, but which are now rarely practised in Protestant countries, and almost never in Scotland. He was uncertain whether to abide the conclusion of the ceremony, or to endeavour to regain the chancel, when a change in his position made him visible through the grate to one of the attendant mourners. The person who first espied him, indicated his discovery to the individual who stood apart and nearest to the coffin by a sign, and upon his making a sign in reply, two of the group detached themselves, and, gliding along with noiseless steps, as if fearing to disturb the service, unlocked and opened the grate which separated them from the adept. Each took him by an arm, and exerting a degree of force, which he would have been incapable of resisting had his fear permitted him to attempt opposition, they placed him on the ground in the chancel, and sat down one on each side of him as

if to detain him. Satisfied he was in the power of mortals like himself, the adept would have put some questions to them; but while one pointed to the vault, from which the sound of the priest's voice was distinctly heard, the other placed his finger upon his lips in token of silence, a hint which the German thought it most prudent to obey. And thus they detained him until a loud Alleluia, pealing through the deserted arches of St Ruth, closed the singular ceremony which it had been his fortune to witness.

When the hymn had died away with all its echoes, the voice of one of the sable personages under whose guard the adept had remained, said, in a familiar tone and dialect, "Dear sirs, Mr Dousterswivel, is this you? could not ye have let us ken an ye had wussed till hae been present at the ceremony?—My lord couldna tak it weel your coming blinking and jinking in, in that fashion."

"In de name of all dat is gootness, tell

me what you are?" interrupted the German in his return.

"What I am? why, wha should I be but Ringan Aikwood, the Knockwinnock poinder?—And what are you doing here at this time o' night, unless ye were come to attend the leddy's burial?"

"I do declare to you, mine goot Poinder Aikwood," said the German, raising himself up, "that I have been this vary nights murdered, robbed, and put in fears of my life."

"Robbed! wha wad do sic a deed here? —Murdered! odd, ye speak pretty blithe for a murdered man.—Put in fear! what put you in fear, Mr Dousterswivel?"

"I will tell you, Maister Poinder Aikwood Ringan, just dat old miscreant dog villain, blue-gown, as you call Edie Ochiltrees."

"I'll ne'er believe that," answered Ringan; "Edie was ken'd to me, and my father before me, for a true, loyal, and soothfast man; and, mair by token, he's

sleeping up yonder in our barn, and has been since ten at e'en—Sae touch ye wha liket, Mr Dousterswivel, and whether ony body touched ye or no, I'm sure Edie's sackless."

"Maister Ringan Aikwood Poinders, I do not know what you call sackless, but let alone all de oils and de soot dat you say he has, and I will tell you I was dis night robbed of fifty pounds by your oil and sooty friend, Edies Ochiltree; and he is no more in your barn even now dan I ever shall be in de kingdom of heafen."

"Weel, sir, if ye will gae up wi' me, as the burial company has dispersed, we'se mak ye down a bed at the lodge, and we'se see if Edie's at the barn. There were twa wild-looking chaps left the auld kirk when we were coming up wi' the corpse, that's certain, and the priest, wha likes ill that ony heretics should look on at our church ceremonies, sent twa o' the riding saulies after them, sae we'll hear a' about it frae them."

Thus speaking, the kindly apparition, with the assistance of the mute personage, who was his son, disencumbered himself of his cloak, and prepared to escort Dousterswivel to the place of that rest which the adept so much needed.

"I will apply to the magistrates to-morrow," said the adept; "oder, I will have de law put in force against all de peoples."

While he thus muttered vengeance against the cause of his injury, he sallied from among the ruins, supporting himself on Ringan and his son, whose assistance his state of weakness rendered very necessary.

When they were clear of the priory, and had gained the little meadow in which it stands, Dousterswivel could perceive the torches which had caused him so much alarm issuing in irregular procession from the ruins, and glancing their light, like that of the *ignis fatuus*, on the banks of the lake. After moving along the path for some short space with a fluctuating

and irregular motion, the lights were at once extinguished.

"We aye put out the torches at the halie-cross well on sic occasions," said the forester to his guest; and accordingly no farther visible sign of the procession offered itself to Dousterswivel, although his ear could catch the distant and decreasing echo of horses' hoofs in the direction towards which the mourners had bent their course.

CHAPTER X.

O weel may the boatie row,
  And better may she speed,
And weel may the boatie row
  That earns the bairnies' bread.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
  The boatie rows weel,
And lightsome be their life that bear
  The merlin and the creel.

We must now introduce our reader to the interior of the fisher's cottage mentioned in chapter ninth of the first volume of this edifying history. I wish I could say that its inside was well arranged, decently furnished, or tolerably clean. On the contrary, I am compelled to admit, there was confusion,—there was dilapidation,—there was dirt good store. Yet, with all this, there was about the inmates, Luckie Mucklebackèt and her family, an appearance of ease, plenty, and comfort, that

seemed to warrant their own sluttish proverb, "The clartier the cosier." A huge fire, though the season was summer, occupied the hearth, and served at once for affording light, heat, and the means of preparing food. The fishing had been successful, and the family, with customary improvidence, had, since unlading the cargo, continued an unintermitting operation of broiling and frying that part of the produce reserved for home consumption, and the bones and fragments lay on the wooden trenchers, mingled with morsels of broken bannocks and shattered mugs of half-drunk beer. The stout and athletic form of Maggie herself, bustling here and there among a pack of half-grown girls and younger children, of whom she chucked one now here and another now there, with an exclamation of "Get out o' the gate, ye little sorrow!" was well contrasted with the passive and half-stupified look and manner of her husband's mother, a woman advanced to the latest stage of

human life, who was seated in her wonted chair close by the fire, the warmth of which she coveted, yet hardly seemed to be sensible of, now muttering to herself, now smiling vacantly to the children as they pulled the strings of her *toy* or close cap, or twitched her blue checked apron. With her distaff in her bosom, and her spindle in her hand, she plied lazily and mechanically the old-fashioned Scottish thrift, according to the old-fashioned Scottish manner. The younger children, crawling among the feet of the elder, watched the progress of Grannie's spindle as it twisted, and now and then ventured to interrupt its progress as it danced upon the floor in those vagaries which the more regulated spinning-wheel has now so universally superseded, that even the fated Princess of the fairy-tale might roam through all Scotland without the risk of piercing her hand with a spindle, and dying of the wound. Late as the hour was, (and it was long past midnight) the whole family were still on foot, and

far from proposing to go to bed; the dame was still busy broiling car-cakes on the girdle, and the elder girl, the half-naked mermaid elsewhere commemorated, was preparing a pile of Findhorn haddocks, (that is, haddocks smoked with green wood) to be eaten along with these relishing provisions.

While they were thus employed, a slight tap at the door, accompanied with the question, "Are ye up yet, sirs?" announced a visitor. The answer, "Aye, aye,—come your ways ben, hinny," occasioned the lifting of the latch, and Jenny Rintherout, the female domestic of our Antiquary, made her appearance.

"Aye, aye," exclaimed the mistress of the family,—"hegh, sirs! can this be you, Jenny? a sight o' you's gude for sair een, lass."

"O, woman, we've been ta'en up wi' Captain Hector's wound up bye, that I have na had my fit out ower the door this fortnight; but he's better now, and auld

Caxon sleeps in his room in case he wanted ony thing. Sae, as soon as our auld folk gaed to bed, I e'en snooded my head up a bit, and left the house-door on the latch, in case ony body should be wanting in or out while I was awa, and just cam down the gate to see an' there was ony cracks amang ye."

"Aye, aye," answered Luckie Mucklebacket, "I see ye hae gotten a' your braws on—ye're looking about for Steenie now —but he's no at hame the night—and ye'll no do for Steenie, lass—a feckless thing like you's no fit to maintain a man."

"Steenie will no do for me," retorted Jenny, with a toss of the head that might have become a higher-born damsel,—"I maun hae a man that can maintain his wife."

"Ou aye, hinny—thae's your landward and burrows-town notions. My certie! fisher-wives ken better—they keep the man, and keep the house, and keep the siller too, lass."

"A wheen poor drudges ye are," answered the nymph of the land to the nymph of the sea.—"As sune as the keel o' the coble touches the sand, de'il a bit mair will the lazy fisher loons work, but the wives maun kilt their coats, and wade into the surf to tak' the fish ashore. And then the man casts aff the wat and puts on the dry, and sits down wi' his pipe and his gill-stoup behint the ingle like ony auld houdie, and ne'er a turn will he do till the coble's afloat again!—And the wife, she maun get the scull on her back, and awa wi' the fish to the next burrows town, and scauld and ban wi' ilka wife that will scauld and ban wi' her till it's sauld—and that's the gait fisher-wives live, puir slaving bodies."

"Slaves? gae wa', lass!—Ca' the head o' the house slaves? little ye ken about it, lass—shew me a word my Saunders daur speak, or a turn he daur do about the house, without it be just to tak his meat, and his drink, and his diversion

like ony o' the weans. He has mair sense than to ca' ony thing about the bigging his ain, frae the rooftree down to a crackit trencher on the bink. He kens weel aneugh wha feeds him and cleeds him, and keeps a tight thack and rape when his coble is jowing awa' in the Firth, poor fallow. Na, na, lass—them that sell the goods guide the purse—them that guide the purse rule the house—shew me ane o' your bits o' farmer-bodies, that wad let their wife drive the stock to the market, and ca' in the debts. Na, na."

"Aweel, aweel, Maggie, ilka land has its ain lauch—but where's Steenie the night, when a's come and gane? And where's the gudeman?"

"I hae puttin' the gudeman to his bed, for he was e'en sair forfairn, and Steenie's awa' out about some barns-breaking wi' the auld Gaberlunzie, Edie Ochiltree—they'll be in sune, and ye can sit doun."

"Troth, gudewife, (taking a seat,) I hae na that muckle time to stop—but I

maun tell ye about the news—Ye'll hae heard o' the muckle kist o' gowd that Sir Arthur has fund down bye at St Ruth?—He'll be grander than ever now—he'll no can haud down his head to sneeze, for fear o' seeing his shoon."

"Ou aye—a' the country's heard o' that; but auld Edie says they ca' it ten times mair than ever was o't, and he saw them howk it up. Odd, it would be lang or a puir body that needed it got sic a windfa'."

"Na, that's sure eneugh.—And ye'll hae heard o' the Countess o' Glenallan being dead and lying in state, and how she's to be buried at St Ruth's as this night fa's, wi' torch-light; and a' the papists, servants, and Ringan Aikwood, that's a papist too, are to be there, and it will be the grandest shew ever was seen."

"Troth, hinny," answered the Naiad, "if they let naebody but papists come there, it'll no be muckle o' a shew in this country; for the auld harlot, as honest Mr Blattergowl ca's her, has few that drink o'

her cup of enchantments in this corner of our chosen lands.—But what can ail them to bury the auld carline (a rudas wife she was) by the night time?—I dare say our gudemither will ken."

Here she exalted her voice, and exclaimed twice or thrice, "Gudemither! gudemither!" but, lost in the apathy of age and deafness, the aged sybil she addressed continued plying her spindle without understanding the appeal made to her.

"Speak to your grandmither, Jenny—odd, I wad rather hail the coble half a mile aff, and the nor-wast wind whistling again in my teeth."

"Grannie," said the little mermaid, in a voice to which the old woman was better accustomed, "minnie wants to ken what for thae Glenallan folk aye bury by candle-light in the ruins of St Ruth?"

The old woman paused in the act of twirling the spindle, turned round to the rest of the party, lifted her withered,

trembling, and clay-coloured hand, raised up her ashen-coloured and wrinkled face, which the quick motion of two light-blue eyes chiefly distinguished from the visage of a corpse, and, as if catching at any touch of association with the living world, answered, "What gars the Glenallan family inter their dead by torch-light, said the lassie?—Is there a Glenallan dead e'en now?"

"We might be a' dead and buried too," said Maggie, "for ony thing ye wad ken about it;"—and then, raising her voice to the stretch of her mother-in-law's comprehension, she added, "It's the auld countess, gudemither."

"And is she ca'd hame then at last," said the old woman, in a voice that seemed to be agitated with much more feeling than belonged to her extreme old age, and the general indifference and apathy of her manner—"is she then called to her last account after her lang race o' pride and power?—O God forgie her!"

"But minnie was asking ye," resumed the lesser querist, "what for the Glenallan family aye bury their dead by torch-light?"

"They hae aye dune sae," said the grandmother, "since the time the Great Earl fell in the sair battle o' the Harlaw, when they say the coronach was cried in ae day, from the mouth o' the Tay to the Buck of the Cabrach, that ye wad hae heard nae other sound but that of lamentation for the great folks that had fa'en fighting against Donald of the Isles.—But the Great Earl's mither was living—they were a doughty and a dour race the women o' the house o' Glenallan—and she wad hae nae coronach cried for her son, but had him laid in the silence o' midnight in his place o' rest, without either drinking the dirgé, or crying the lament.—She said he had killed enow that day he died, for the widows and daughters o' the Highlanders he had slain to cry the coronach for them they had lost and for her

son too, and sae she laid him in his grave wi' dry eyes, and without a groan or a wail—And it was thought a proud word o' the family, and they aye stickit by it—and the mair in the latter times, because in the night time they had mair freedom to perform their popish ceremonies by darkness and in secrecy than in the day-light—at least that was the case in my time—they wad hae been disturbed in the day-time baith by the law and the commons of Fairport—they may hae mair freedom now—the warld's changed—I whiles hardly ken whether I am standing or sitting, or dead or living."

And looking round the fire, as if in the state of unconscious uncertainty of which she complained, old Elspeth relapsed into her habitual and mechanical occupation of twirling the spindle.

"Eh sirs!" said Jenny Rintherout, under her breath to her gossip, "it's awsome to hear your gudemither break out in that

gait—it's like the dead speaking to the living."

" Ye're no that far wrang, lass; she minds naething o' what passes the day—but set her on auld tales, and she can speak like a prent buke. She kens mair about the Glenallan family than maist folk—the gudeman's father was their fisher mony a day. Ye maun ken the papists make a great point o' eating fish—it's nae bad part o' their religion that, whatever the rest is—I could aye sell the best o' fish at the best o' prices for the countess's ain table, grace be wi' her! especially on a Friday—But see as our gudemither's hands and lips are ganging—now it's working in her head like barm—she'll speak aneuch the night—whiles she'll no speak a word in a week, unless it be to the bits o' bairns."

" Hegh, Mrs Mucklebacket, she's an awsome wife!—d'ye think she's a' thegither right?—Folk says she downa gang to the kirk, or speak to the minister, and that she was ance a papist, but since her

gudeman's been dead naebody kens what she is—d'ye think yoursel that she's no uncanny?"

"Canny, ye silly tawpie! think ye ae auld wife's less canny than anither, unless it be Ailison Breck—I really couldna in conscience swear for her—I have kent the boxes she set filled wi' partans, when"——

"Whisht, whisht, Maggie, your gudemither's gaun to speak again."

"Was na there some ane o' you said," asked the old sybil, "or did I dream, or was it revealed to me, that Joscelind, Lady Glenallan, is dead an' buried this night?"

"Yes, gudemither," screamed the daughter-in-law, "it's e'en sae."

"And e'en sae let it be," said old Elspeth; "she's made mony a sair heart in her day—aye, e'en her ain son's—is he living yet?"

"Aye, he's living yet—but how lang he'll live—however, dinna ye mind his coming and asking after you in the spring, and leaving siller?"

"It may be sae, Maggie—I dinna mind it—but a handsome gentleman he was, and his father before him. Eh! if his father had lived, they might hae been happy folk!—But he was gane, and the lady carried it in-ower and out-ower wi' her son, and gart him trow the thing he never suld hae trowed, and do the thing he has repented a' his life, and will repent still, were his life as lang as this lang and wearisome ane o' mine."

"O what was it, grannie?"—and "What was it, gudemither?"—and "What was it, Luckie Elspeth?" asked the children, the mother, and the visitor, in one breath.

"Never ask what it was, but pray to God that ye are na left to the pride and wilfu'ness o' your ain hearts. They may be as powerful in a cabin as in a castle—I can bear a sad witness to that.—O that weary and fearfu' night!—will it never gang out o' my auld head?—Eh! to see her lying on the floor wi' her lang hair dreeping wi' the salt water!—Heaven will

avenge on a' that had to do *wi't.—Sirs! is* my son out wi' the coble this windy e'en?"

"Na, na, mither—nae coble can keep the sea this wind—he's sleeping in his bed out ower yonder ahint the hallan."

"Is Steenie out at sea then?"

"Na, grannie—Steenie's awa out wi' auld Edie Ochiltree, the gaberlunzie—maybe they'll be gaun to see the burial."

"That canna be," said the mother of the family,—"we kent naething o't till Jock Rand cam in, and tauld us the Aikwoods had warning to attend; they keep thae things unco private, and they were to bring the corpse a' the way frae the castle, ten miles off, under cloud o' night. She has lain in state this ten days at Glenallan-house, in a grand chamber, a' hung wi' black, and lighted wi' wax cannle."

"God assoilzie her!" ejaculated old Elspeth, her head apparently still occupied by the event of the Countess's death—"She was a hard-hearted woman, but she's ga'en to account for it a', and His

mercy is infinite—God grant she may find it sae!"—And she relapsed into silence, which she did not break again during the rest of the evening.

"I wonder what that auld daft beggar carle and our son Steenie can be doing out in sic a night as this," said Maggie Mucklebacket; and her expression of surprise was echoed by her visitor; "Gang away ane o' ye, hinnies, up to the heugh-head, and gie them a cry in case they're within hearing—the car-cakes will be burnt to a cinder."

The little emissary departed, but in a few minutes came running back with the loud exclamation, "Eh, minnie! eh, grannie! there's a white bogle chasing twa black anes down the heugh!"

A noise of footsteps followed this singular annunciation, and young Steenie Mucklebacket, closely followed by Edie Ochiltree, bounced into the hut. They were panting and out of breath. The first thing Steenie did was to look for the bar

of the door, which his mother reminded him had been broken up for firewood in the hard winter three years ago; for what use, she said, had the like o' them for bars?

"There's naebody chasing us," said the beggar; "we're e'en like the wicked, that flee when no one pursueth."

"Troth, but we were chased," said Steenie, "by a spirit, or something little better."

"It was a man in white on horseback," said Edie, "for the saft ground, that wadna bear the beast, flung him about, I wot that weel; but I didna think my auld legs could have brought me aff as fast; I ran amaist as fast as if I had been at Prestonpans."

"Hout, ye daft gowks," said Luckie Mucklebacket, "it will hae been some o' the riders at the Countess's burial."

"What!" said Edie, "is the auld Countess buried the night at St Ruth's?—Ou, that wad' be the lights and the noise that

scarr'd us awa; I wish I had ken'd—I wad hae stude them, and no left the man yonder—but they'll take care o' him. Ye strake ower hard, Steenie—I doubt ye foundered the chield."

"Ne'er a bit," said Steenie, laughing; "he has braw broad shouthers, and I just took the measure o' them wi' the stang—Odd, if I hadna been something short wi' him, he wad hae knocked your auld harns out, lad."

"Weel, an' I win clear o' this scrape," said Edie, "I'se tempt Providence nae mair. But I canna think it an unlawfu' thing to pit a bit trick on sic a land-louping scoundrel, that just lives by tricking honester folk."

"But what are we to do with this?" said Steenie, producing a pocket-book.

"Odd guide us, man," said Edie, in great alarm, "what gar'd ye touch the gear? a very leaf o' that pocket-book wad be aneugh to hang us baith."

"I dinna ken," said Steenie; "the book

had fa'en out o' his pocket, I fancy, for I fand it amang my feet when I was graping about to set him on his legs again, and just pat it in my pouch to keep it safe; and then came the tramp of horse, and you cried 'Rin, rin,' and I had nae mair thought o' the book."

"We maun get it back to the loon some gait or other; ye had better take it yoursel, I think, wi' peep o' light, up to Ringan Aikwood's. I wadna for a hundred pounds it was fund in our hands."

Steenie undertook to do as he was directed.

"A bonny night ye hae made o't, Mr Steenie," said Jenny Rintherout, who, impatient of remaining so long unnoticed, now presented herself to the young fisherman—"A bonny night ye hae made o't, tramping about wi' gaberlunzies, and getting yoursel hunted wi' worricows, when ye suld hae been sleeping in your bed like your father, honest man."

This attack called forth a suitable re-

sponse of rustic raillery from the young fisherman. An attack was now commenced upon the car-cakes and smoked fish, and sustained with great perseverance by assistance of a bicker or two of twopenny ale and a bottle of gin. The mendicant then retired to the straw of an out-house adjoining,—the children had one by one crept into their nests,—the old grandmother was deposited in her flock bed,—Steenie, notwithstanding his preceding fatigue, had the gallantry to accompany Miss Rintherout to her own mansion, and at what hour he returned the story saith not,—and the matron of the family, having laid the gathering-coal upon the fire, and put things in some sort of order, retired to rest the last of the family.

CHAPTER XII.

——— Many great ones
Would part with half their states, to have the plan
And credit to beg in the first stile———

Beggar's Bush.

Old Edie was stirring with the lark, and his first enquiry was after Steenie and the pocket-book. The young fisherman had been under the necessity of attending his father before daybreak to avail themselves of the tide, but he had promised, that, immediately on his return, the pocket-book, with all its contents, carefully wrapped up in a piece of sail-cloth, should be delivered by him to Ringan Aikwood, for Dousterswivel, the owner.

The matron had prepared the morning meal for the family, and, shouldering her

basket of fish, tramped sturdily away towards Fairport. The children were idling around the door, for the day was fair and sun-shiney. The ancient grandame, again seated on her wicker-chair by the fire, had resumed her eternal spindle, wholly unmoved by the yelling and screaming of the children, and the scolding of the mother, which had preceded the dispersion of the family. Edie had arranged his various bags, and was bound for the renewal of his wandering life, but first advanced with due courtesy to take his leave of the ancient crone.

"Gude day to ye, cummer, and mony ane o' them. I will be back about the fore-end o' har'st, and I trust to find ye baith haill and fere."

"Pray that ye may find me in my quiet grave," said the old woman in a hollow and sepulchral voice, but without the agitation of a single feature.

"Ye're auld, cummer, and sae am I my-

sel; but we maun abide HIS will—we'll no be forgotten in his good time."

"Nor our deeds neither," said the crone; "what's dune in the body maun be answered in the spirit."

"I wot that's true; and I may weel tak the tale hame to mysel, that hae led a misruled and roving life. But ye were aye a canny wife. We're a' frail—but ye canna hae sae muckle to bow ye down."

"Less than I might have had—but mair, O far mair, than wad sink the stoutest brig e'er sailed out o' Fairport harbour!—Didna somebody say yestreen——at least sae it is borne in on my mind—but auld folk hae weak fancies—did not somebody say that Joscelind, Countess of Glenallan, was departed frae life?"

"They said the truth whaever said it," answered the mendicant; "she was buried yestreen by torch-light at St Ruth's, and I, like a fule, gat a gliff wi' seeing the lights and the riders."

"It was their fashion since the days of the Great Earl that was killed at Harlaw—They did it to shew scorn that they should die and be buried like other mortals—The wives o' the house of Glenallan wailed nae wail for the husband, nor the sister for the brother.—But is she e'en ca'd to the lang account?"

"As sure," answered Edie, "as we maun a' abide it."

"Then I'll unlade my mind, come o't what will."

This she spoke with more alacrity than usually attended her expressions, and accompanied her words with an attitude of the hand, as if throwing something from her. She then raised up her form, once tall, and still retaining the appearance of having been so, though bent with age and rheumatism, and stood before the beggar like a mummy animated by some wandering spirit into a temporary resurrection. Her light-blue eyes wandered to

and fro, as if she occasionally forgot and again remembered the purpose for which her long and withered hand was searching among the miscellaneous contents of an ample old-fashioned pocket. At length, she pulled out a small chip-box, and opening it, took out a handsome ring, in which was set a braid of hair, composed of two different colours, black and light-brown, twined together, encircled with brilliants of considerable value.

"Gude man," she said to Ochiltree, "as ye wad e'er deserve mercy, ye maun gang my errand to the house of Glenallan, and ask for the Earl."

"The Earl of Glenallan, cummer! ou, he winna see ony o' the gentles o' the country, and what likelihood is there that he wad see the like o' an auld gaberlunzie?"

"Gang your ways and try—and tell him that Elspeth o' the Craigburnfoot—he'll mind me best by that name—maun

see him or she be relieved frae her lang pilgrimage, and that she sends him that ring in token of the business she wad speak o'."

Ochiltree looked on the ring with some admiration of its apparent value, and then carefully replacing it in the box, and wrapping it in an old ragged handkerchief, he deposited the token in his bosom.

"Weel, gude-wife," he said, "I'se do your bidding, or it's no be my fault—But surely there was never sic a braw propine as this sent to a yerl by an auld fish-wife, and through the hands of a gaberlunzie beggar."

With this reflection, Edie took up his pike-staff, put on his broad-brimmed bonnet, and set forth upon his pilgrimage. The old woman remained for some time standing in a fixed posture, her eyes directed to the door through which her ambassador had departed. The appearance of excitation, which the conversation had

occasioned, gradually left her features—she sunk down upon her accustomed seat, and resumed her mechanical labour of the distaff and spindle with her wonted air of apathy.

Edie Ochiltree meanwhile advanced on his journey—the distance to Glenallan was ten miles, a march which the old soldier accomplished in about four hours. With the curiosity belonging to his idle trade and animated character, he tortured himself the whole way to consider what could be the meaning of this mysterious errand with which he was entrusted, or what connection the proud, wealthy, and powerful Earl of Glenallan could have with the crimes or penitence of an old doating woman, whose rank in life did not greatly exceed that of her messenger. He endeavoured to call to memory all that he had ever known or heard of the Glenallan family, yet, having done so, remained altogether unable to form a conjecture on

the subject. He knew that the whole extensive estate of this ancient and powerful family had descended to the Countess lately deceased, who inherited, in a most remarkable degree, the stern, fierce, and unbending character which had distinguished the house of Glenallan since they first figured in Scottish annals. Like the rest of her ancestors, she adhered zealously to the Roman Catholic faith, and was married to an English gentleman of the same communion, and of large fortune, who did not survive their union two years. The Countess was, therefore, left an early widow, with the uncontrouled management of the large estates of her two sons. The elder, Lord Geraldin, who was to succeed to the title and fortune of Glenallan, was totally dependent on his mother during her life. The second, when he came of age, assumed the name and arms of his father, and took possession of his estate, according to the provisions of

the Countess's marriage-settlement. After this period, he chiefly resided in England, and paid very few and brief visits to his mother and brother; and these at length were altogether dispensed with, in consequence of his becoming a convert to the reformed religion.

But even before this mortal offence was given to its mistress, his residence at Glenallan offered few inducements to a gay young man like Edward Geraldin Neville, though its gloom and seclusion seemed to suit the retired and melancholy habits of his elder brother. Lord Geraldin, in the outset of life, had been a young man of accomplishment and hopes. Those who knew him upon his travels entertained the highest expectations of his future career. But such fair dawns are often strangely overcast. The young nobleman returned to Scotland, and after living about a year in his mother's society at Glenallan-house, he seemed to have

adopted all the stern gloom and melancholy of her character. Excluded from politics by the incapacities attached to those of his religion, and from all lighter avocations by choice, Lord Geraldin led a life of the strictest retirement. His ordinary society was composed of the clergymen of his communion, who occasionally visited his mansion; and very rarely, upon stated occasions of high festival, one or two families who still professed the Catholic religion were formally entertained at Glenallan-house. But this was all—their heretic neighbours knew nothing of the family whatever; and even the Catholics saw little more than the sumptuous entertainment and solemn parade which was exhibited on those formal occasions, from which all returned without knowing whether most to wonder at the stern and stately demeanour of the Countess, or the deep and gloomy dejection which never ceased for a moment to cloud the features of her son. The late event had put him in pos-

session of his fortune and title, and the neighbourhood had already begun to conjecture whether gaiety would revive with independence, when those who had some occasional acquaintance with the interior of the family spread abroad a report, that the earl's constitution was undermined by religious austerities, and that, in all probability, he would soon follow his mother to the grave. This event was the more probable as his brother had died of a lingering complaint, which, in the latter years of his life, had affected at once his frame and his spirits: so that heralds and genealogists were already looking back into their records to discover the heir of this ill-fated family, and lawyers were talking with gleesome anticipation of the probability of a "great Glenallan cause."

As Edie Ochiltree approached the front of Glenallan-house, an ancient building of great extent, the most modern part of which had been designed by the celebrated Inigo Jones, he began to consider in

what way he would be most likely to gain access for delivery of his message; and, after much consideration, resolved to send the token to the earl by one of the domestics. With this purpose he stopped at a cottage where he obtained the means of making up the ring in a sealed packet like a petition, addressed, *Forr his hounor the Yerl of Glenllan—These.* But being aware that missives delivered at the doors of great houses by such persons as himself, do not always make their way according to address, Edie determined, like an old soldier, to reconnoitre the ground before he made his final attack. As he approached the porter's-lodge, he discovered, by the number of poor ranked before it,—some of them being indigent persons in the vicinity, and others itinerants of his own begging profession,—that there was about to be a general dole or distribution of charity.

"A good turn," said Edie to himself, "never goes unrewarded—I'll maybe get

a gude awmous that I wad hae missed but for trotting on this auld wife's errand."

Accordingly, he ranked up with the rest of this ragged regiment, assuming a station as near the front as possible,—a distinction due, as he conceived, to his blue gown and badge, no less than to his years and experience; but he soon found there was another principle of precedence in this assembly to which he had not adverted.

"Are ye a triple man, friend, that ye press forward sae bauldly?—I'm thinking no, for there's nae Catholics wear that badge."

"Na, na, I am no a Roman," said Edie.

"Then shank yoursel awa' to the double folk, or single folk, that's the Episcopals or Presbyterians yonder—it's a shame to see a heretic hae sic a lang white beard, that would do credit to a hermit."

Ochiltree, thus rejected from the society of the Catholic mendicants, or those who called themselves such, went to station

himself with the paupers of the communion of the church of England, to whom the noble donor allotted a double portion of his charity. But never was a poor occasional conformist more roughly rejected by a High-church congregation, even when that matter was furiously agitated in the days of good Queen Anne.

"See to him wi' his badge!" they said; "he hears ane o' the king's Presbyterian chaplains sough out a sermon on the morning of every birth-day, and now he would pass himsel for ane o' the Episcopal church! Na, na! We'll take care o' that."

Edie, thus rejected by Rome and prelacy, was fain to shelter himself from the laughter of his brethren among the thin group of Presbyterians, who had either disdained to disguise their religious opinions for the sake of an augmented dole, or perhaps knew they could not attempt the imposition without a certainty of detection.

The same degree of precedence was ob-

served in the mode of distributing the charity, which consisted in bread, beef, and a piece of money, to each individual of all the three classes. The almoner, an ecclesiastic of grave appearance and demeanour, superintended in person the accommodation of the Catholic mendicants, asking a question or two at each as he delivered the charity, and recommending to their prayers the soul of Joscelind, late Countess of Glenallan, mother of their benefactor. The porter, distinguished by his long staff headed with silver, and by the black gown tufted with lace of the same colour, which he had assumed upon the general mourning in the family, overlooked the distribution of the dole among the prelatists. The less-favoured kirk-folk were committed to the charge of an aged domestic.

As this last discussed some disputed point with the porter, his name, as it chanced to be occasionally mentioned, and then his features, struck Ochiltree, and

awakened recollections of former times. The rest of the assembly were now retiring, when the domestic, again approaching the place where Edie still lingered, said, in a strong Aberdeenshire accent, " Fat is the auld feel-body deeing that he canna gang avay, now that he's gotten baith meat and siller?"

" Francie Macraw," answered Edie Ochiltree, " d'ye no mind Fontenoy, and 'Keep thegither, front and rear?'"

" Ohon, ohon!" cried Francie, with a true north-country yell of recognition, " naebody could hae said that word but my auld front-rank man, Edie Ochiltree! But I'm sorry to see ye in sic a peer state, man."

" No sae ill aff as ye may think, Francie. But I'm laith to leave this place without a crack wi' you, and I kenna when I may see you again, for your folk dinna mak protestants welcome, and that's ae reason that I hae never been here before."

" Fusht, fusht," said Francie, " let that

flee stick i' the wa'—when the dirt's dry it will rub out—and come you awa wi' me, and I'll gie ye something better than that beef bane, man."

Having then spoke a confidential word with the porter, (probably to request his connivance,) and having waited until the almoner had returned into the house with slow and solemn steps, Francie Macraw introduced his old comrade into the court of Glenallan-house, the gloomy gateway of which was surmounted by a huge scutcheon, in which the herald and undertaker had mingled, as usual, the emblems of human pride and of human nothingness; the countess's hereditary coat-of-arms, with all its numerous quarterings, disposed in a lozenge, and surrounded by the separate shields of her paternal and maternal ancestry, intermingled with scythes, hour-glasses, sculls, and other symbols of that mortality which levels all distinctions. Conducting his friend as speedily as possible along the large pa-

ved court, Macraw led the way through a side-door to a small apartment near the servants'-hall, which, in virtue of his personal attendance upon the Earl of Glenallan, he was entitled to call his own. To produce cold meat of various kinds, strong beer, and even a glass of spirits, was no difficulty to a person of Francie's importance, who had not lost, in his sense of conscious dignity, the keen northern prudence which recommended a good understanding with the butler. Our mendicant envoy drank ale, and talked over old stories with his comrade, until, no other topic of conversation occurring, he resolved to take up the theme of his embassy, which had for some time escaped his memory.

"He had a petition to present to the Earl," he said;—for he judged it prudent to say nothing of the ring, not knowing, as he afterwards observed, how far the manners of a single soldier might have been corrupted by service in a great house.

"Hout, tout, man," said Francie, "the

Earl will look at nae petitions—but I can gie't to the almoner."

"But it relates to some secret, that may-be my lord wad like best to see't himsel."

"I'm jeedging that's the very reason that the almoner will be for seeing it the first and foremost."

"But I hae come a' this way on purpose to deliver it, Francie, and ye really maun help me at a pinch."

"Ne'er speed then if I dinna," answered the Aberdeenshire man; "let them be as cankered as they like, they can but turn me awa, and I was just thinking to ask my discharge, and gang down to end my days at Inverurie."

With this doughty resolution of serving his friend at all ventures, since none was to be encountered which could much inconvenience himself, Francie Macraw left the apartment. It was long before he returned, and when he did, his manner indicated wonder and agitation.

"I am na seere gin ye be Edie Ochiltree

o' Carrick's company in the Forty-twa, or gin ye be the de'il in his likeness!"

"And what makes ye speak in that gait?" demanded the astonished mendicant.

"Because my lord has been in sic a distress, and sic seerpreese, as I ne'er saw man in my life. But he'll see you—I got that job cookit. He was like a man awa frae himsel for mony minutes, and I thought he wad hae swarv't a' thegither—and fan he cam' to himsel, he asked fae brought the packet—and fat trow ye I said?"

"An auld soldier," says Edie; "that does likeliest at a gentle's door—at a farmer's it's best to say ye're an auld tinkler, if ye need ony quarters, for maybe the gudewife will hae something to souther."

"But I said ne'er ane o' the twa," answered Francie; "my lord cares as little about the tane as the tother—for he's best to them that can souther up our sins. Sae I e'en said the bit paper was brought by an auld man wi' a lang fite beard—he

might be a capeechin freer for fat I ken'd, for he was dress'd like an auld palmer. Sae ye'll be sent for up fanever he can find mettle to face ye."

"I wish I was weel through this business," thought Edie to himself; "mony folk surmise that the Earl's no very right in the judgment, and wha can say how far he may be offended wi' me for taking upon me sae muckle?"

But there was now no room for retreat —a bell sounded from a distant part of the mansion, and Macraw said with a smothered accent, as if already in his master's presence, "That's my lord's bell!—follow me, and step lightly and cannily, Edie."

Edie followed his guide, who seemed to tread as if afraid of being overheard, through a long passage, and up a back stair, which admitted them into the family apartments. They were ample and extensive, furnished at such cost as showed the ancient importance and splendour of the family. But all the ornaments were

in the taste of a former and distant period, and one would have almost supposed himself traversing the halls of a Scottish nobleman before the union of the crowns. The late Countess, partly from a haughty contempt of the times in which she lived, partly from her sense of family pride, had not permitted the furniture to be altered or modernized during her residence at Glenallan-house. The most magnificent part of the decorations was a valuable collection of pictures by the best masters, whose massive frames were somewhat tarnished by time. In this particular also the gloomy taste of the family seemed to predominate. There were some fine family portraits by Vandyke and other masters of eminence; but the collection was richest in the Saints and Martyrdoms of Domenichino, Velasquez, and Murillo, and other subjects of the same kind, which had been selected in preference to landscapes or historical pieces. The manner in which these awful, and sometimes dis-

gusting, subjects were represented, harmonized with the gloomy state of the apartments; a circumstance which was not altogether lost on the old man, as he traversed them under the guidance of his quondam fellow-soldier. He was about to express some sentiment of this kind, but Francie imposed silence on him by signs, and, opening a door at the end of the long picture-gallery, ushered him into a small anti-chamber hung with black. Here they found the almoner, with his ear turned to a door opposite that by which they entered, in the attitude of one who listens with attention, but is at the same time afraid of being detected in the act.

The old domestic and the churchman started when they perceived each other. But the almoner first recovered his recollection, and, advancing towards Macraw, said under his breath, but with an authoritative tone, "How dare you approach the Earl's apartment without knocking? and who is this stranger, or

what has he to do here?—Retire to the gallery, and wait for me there."

" It's impossible just now to attend your reverence," answered Macraw, raising his voice so as to be heard in the next room, being conscious that the monk would not maintain the altercation within hearing of his patron,—" the Earl's bell has rung."

He had scarce uttered the words, when it was rung again with greater violence than before; and the ecclesiastic, perceiving further expostulation impossible, lifted his finger at Macraw with a menacing attitude, as he left the apartment.

" I tell'd ye sae," said the Aberdeen man in a whisper to Edie, and then proceeded to open the door near which they had observed the chaplain stationed.

CHAPTER XIII.

—————— This ring,—
This little ring, with necromantic force,
Has raised the ghost of Pleasure to my fears,
Conjured the sense of honour and of love
Into such shapes, they fright me from myself.

The Fatal Marriage.

THE ancient forms of mourning were observed in Glenallan-house, notwithstanding the obduracy with which the members of the family were popularly supposed to refuse to the dead the usual tribute of lamentation. It was remarked, that when she received the fatal letter announcing the death of her second, and, as was once believed, her favourite son, her hand did not shake, nor her eye-lid twinkle, any more than upon perusal of a letter of ordinary business. Heaven only knows whether the suppression of maternal sorrow,

which her pride commanded, might not have some effect in hastening her own death. It was at least generally supposed, that the apoplectic stroke, which so soon afterwards terminated her existence, was, as it were, the vengeance of outraged Nature for the restraint to which her feelings had been subjected. But although Lady Glenallan forbore the usual external signs of grief, she had caused many of the apartments, amongst others her own and that of the Earl, to be hung with the exterior trappings of woe.

The Earl of Glenallan was therefore seated in an apartment hung with black cloth, which waved in dusky folds along its lofty walls. A screen, also covered with black baize, placed towards the high and narrow window, intercepted much of the broken light which found its way through the stained glass, that represented, with such skill as the fourteenth century possessed, the life and sorrows of the prophet Jeremiah. The table at which the

Earl was seated was lighted with two lamps wrought in silver, shedding that unpleasant and doubtful light which arises from the mingling of artificial lustre with that of general day-light. The same table displayed a silver crucifix, and one or two clasped parchment books. A large picture, exquisitely painted by Spagnoletto, represented the martyrdom of St Stephen, and was the only ornament of the apartment.

The inhabitant and lord of this disconsolate chamber was a man not past the prime of life, yet so broken down with disease and mental misery, so gaunt and ghastly, that he appeared but a wreck of manhood; and when he hastily arose and advanced toward his visitor, the exertion seemed almost to overpower his emaciated frame. As they met in the midst of the apartment, the contrast they exhibited was very striking. The hale cheek, firm step, erect stature, and undaunted presence and bearing of the old mendicant, indicated

patience and content in the extremity of age, and in the lowest condition to which humanity can sink ; while the sunken eye, pallid cheek, and tottering form of the nobleman with whom he was confronted, shewed how little wealth, power, and even the advantages of youth, have to do with that, which gives repose to the mind, and firmness to the frame.

The Earl met the old man in the middle of the room, and having commanded his attendant to withdraw into the gallery, and suffer no one to enter the anti-chamber till he rung the bell, awaited, with hurried yet fearful impatience, until he heard first the door of his apartment, and then that of the anti-chamber, shut and fastened by the spring-bolt. When he was satisfied with this security against being overheard, Lord Glenallan came close up to the mendicant, whom he probably mistook for some person of a religious order in disguise, and said, in a hasty yet faultering tone, " In the name of all our

religion holds most holy, tell me, reverend father, what I am to expect from a communication, opened by a token connected with such horrible recollections?"

The old man, appalled by a manner so different from what he had expected from the proud and powerful nobleman, was at a loss how to answer, and in what manner to undeceive him—" Tell me," continued the Earl, in a tone of increasing trepidation and agony—" tell me, do you come to say, that all that has been done to expiate guilt so horrible, has been too little and too trivial for the offence, and to point out new and more efficacious modes of severe penance?—I will not blench from it, father—let me suffer the pains of my crime here in the body, rather than hereafter in the spirit!"

Edie had now recollection enough to perceive, that if he did not interrupt the frankness of Lord Glenallan's admissions, he was likely to become the confidant of more than might be safe for him to know.

—He therefore uttered with a hasty and trembling voice—" Your lordship's honour is mistaken—I am not of your persuasion, nor a clergyman, but, with all reverence, only puir Edie Ochiltree, the king's beadsman and your honour's."

This explanation he accompanied by a profound bow after his manner, and then drawing himself up erect, rested his arm on his staff, threw back his long white hair, and fixed his eyes upon the Earl, as he waited for an answer.

" And you are not, then," said Lord Glenallan, after a pause of surprise, " you are not then a Catholic priest?"

" God forbid!" said Edie, forgetting in his confusion to whom he was speaking, " I am only the king's beadsman and your honour's, as I said before."

The Earl turned hastily away, and paced the room twice or thrice, as if to recover the effects of his mistake, and then, coming close up to the mendicant, he demanded, in a stern and commanding tone, what

he meant by intruding himself on his privacy, and from whence he had got the ring which he had thought proper to send him. Edie, a man of much spirit, was less daunted at this mode of interrogation than he had been confused by the tone of confidence in which the earl had opened their conversation. To the reiterated question from whom he had obtained the ring, he answered composedly, " from one who was better known to the Earl than to him."

" Better known to me, fellow?" said Lord Glenallan, " what is your meaning? Explain yourself instantly, or you shall experience the consequence of breaking in upon the hours of family distress."

" It was auld Elspeth Mucklebacket that sent me here," said the beggar, " in order to say"——

" You doat, old man!" said the Earl, " I never heard the name—but this dreadful token reminds me"——

" I mind now, my lord," said Ochiltree;

" she tauld me your lordship would be mair familiar wi' her, if I ca'd her Elspeth o' the Craigburnfoot—She had that name when she lived on your honour's land, that is, your honour's worshipful mother's that was then—Grace be wi' her!"

" Aye," said the appalled nobleman, as his countenance sunk, and his cheek assumed a hue yet more cadaverous; " that name is indeed written in the most tragic page of a deplorable history—But what can she desire of me? Is she dead or living?"

" Living, my lord; and entreats to see your lordship before she dies, for she has something to communicate that hangs upon her very soul, and she says she canna flit in peace until she sees you."

" Not until she sees me!—what can that mean?—but she is doating with age and infirmity—I tell thee, friend, I called at her cottage myself, not a twelvemonth since, from a report that she was in dis-

tress, and she did not even know my face or voice."

"If your honour wad permit me," said Edie, to whom the length of the conference restored a part of his professional audacity and native talkativeness; "if your honour wad but permit me, I wad say, under correction of your lordship's better judgment, that auld Elspeth's like some of the ancient ruined strengths and castles that ane sees amang the hills. There are mony parts of her mind that appear, as I may say, laid waste and decayed, but then there's parts that look the steever, and the stronger, and the grander, because they are rising just like to fragments amang the ruins o' the rest— She's an awful woman."

"She always was so;" said the Earl, almost unconsciously echoing the observation of the mendicant; "she always was different from other women—likest perhaps to her who is now no more, in her

temper and turn of mind.—She wishes to see me, then?"

"Before she dies," said Edie, "she earnestly entreats that pleasure."

"It will be pleasure to neither of us," said the Earl sternly, "yet she shall be gratified—She lives, I think, on the sea-shore to the southward of Fairport?"

"Just between Monkbarns and Knock-winnock Castle, but nearer to Monkbarns. Your lordship's honour will ken the laird and Sir Arthur, doubtless?"

A stare, as if he did not comprehend the question, was Lord Glenallan's answer. Edie saw his mind was elsewhere, and did not venture to repeat a query which was so little germain to the matter.

"Are you a Catholic, old man?" demanded the Earl.

"No, my lord," said Ochiltree stoutly, for the remembrance of the unequal division of the dole rose in his mind at the

moment; "I thank Heaven, I am a good Protestant."

"He who can conscientiously call himself *good*, has indeed reason to thank Heaven, be his form of Christianity what it will!—But who is he that shall dare to do so?"

"Not I," said Edie; "I trust to beware of the sin of presumption."

"What was your trade in your youth?" continued the Earl.

"A soldier, my lord; and mony a sair day's kemping I've seen. I was to have been made a serjeant, but"——

"A soldier! then you have slain and burnt, and sacked and spoiled?"

"I winna say," replied Edie, "that I have been better than my neighbours—it's a rough trade—war's sweet to them that never tried it."

"And you are now old and miserable, asking, from precarious charity, the food which in your youth you tore from the hand of the poor peasant?"

"I am a beggar it is true, my lord; but I am nae just sae miserable neither—for my sins, I hae had grace to repent of them, if I might say sae, and to lay them where they may be better borne than by me—and, for my food, naebody grudges an auld man a bit and a drink—Sae I live as I can, and am contented to die when I am ca'd upon."

"And thus, then, with little to look back upon that is pleasant or praise-worthy in your past life, with less to look forward to on this side of eternity, you are contented to drag out the rest of your existence—Go, begone; and in your age and poverty and weariness never envy the lord of such a mansion as this, either in his sleeping or waking moments—Here is something for thee."

The Earl put into the old man's hand five or six guineas. Edie would, perhaps, have stated his scruples, as upon other occasions, to the amount of the benefaction, but the tone of Lord Glenallan was

too absolute to admit of either answer or dispute. The Earl then called his servant —"See this old man safe from the castle—let no one ask him any questions—and you, friend, begone, and forget the road that leads to my house."

"That would be difficult for me," said Edie, looking at the gold which he still held in his hand, "that would be e'en difficult, since your honour has gi'en me such gude cause to remember it."

Lord Glenallan stared, as hardly comprehending the old man's boldness in daring to bandy words with him, and, with his hand, made him another signal of departure, which the mendicant instantly obeyed.

CHAPTER XIV.

For he was one in all their idle sport,
And, like a monarch, ruled their little court;
The pliant bow he formed, the flying ball,
The bat, the wicket, were his labours all.

Crabbe's Village.

FRANCIS Macraw, agreeably to the commands of his master, attended the mendicant in order to see him fairly out of the estate, without permitting him to have conversation, or intercourse, with any of the Earl's dependants or domestics. But, judiciously considering that the restriction did not extend to himself, who was the person intrusted with the convoy, he used every measure in his power to extort from Edie the nature of his confidential and secret interview with Lord Glenallan. But Edie had been in his time accustomed to cross-examination, and easily evaded

those of his quondam comrade. "The secrets of grit folk," said Ochiltree within himself, "are just like the wild beasts that are shut up in cages. Keep them hard and fast snecked up, and it's a' very weel or better—but anes let them out, they will turn and rend you. I mind how ill Dugald Gunn cam off for letting loose his tongue about the major's leddy and Captain Bandilier."

Francie was, therefore, foiled in his assaults upon the fidelity of the mendicant, and, like an indifferent chess-player, became, at every unsuccessful movement, more liable to the counter-checks of his opponent.

"Sae ye uphauld ye had nae particulars to say to my lord but about your ain matters?"

"Aye, and about the wee bits o' things I had brought frae abroad. I ken'd you papist folk are unco set on the relics that are fetched frae far-awa' kirks and sae forth."

Whitsunday—or indeed as long as you please."

"I am much obliged, Mr Oldbuck, but I am amply provided. Excuse me—I really cannot sustain further conversation at present. I will write, or see you, before I leave Fairport—that is, if I find myself obliged to go." So saying, he shook the Antiquary's hand warmly, turned from him, and walked rapidly towards the town, "staying no longer question."

"Very extraordinary indeed," said Oldbuck; "but there's something about this lad I can never fathom; and yet I cannot for my heart think ill of him neither. I must go home and take off the fire in the Green Room, for none of my womankind will venture into it after twilight."

"And how am I to win hame?" blubbered the disconsolate express.

"It's a fine night," said the Blue-gown, looking up to the skies; "I had as gude gang back to the town, and take care o' the wean."

"Do so, do so, Edie;" and, rummaging for some time in his huge waistcoat pocket till he found the object of his search, the Antiquary added, "there's sixpence to ye to buy sneeshin."

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

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